The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIV NO. 26 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1936 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

H. L. MENCKEN
Tap-Day in America

BERNARD DEVOTO
Reviews "A World I Never Made" by James T. Farrell

WILLIAM MACDONALD
Reviews "Sam Adams, Pioneer of Propaganda," by John C. Miller

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "The Higher Learning in America," by Robert Maynard Hutchins

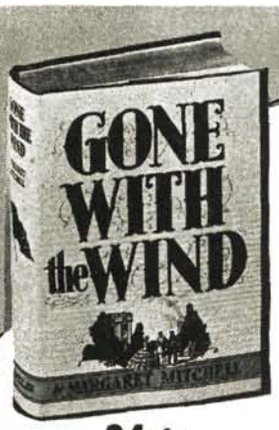
JAMES W. GERARD
Reviews "Memoirs of Count Bernstorff"

JAMES T. FARRELL

"His book has abundantly the life that is so conspicuously absent from all contemporary fiction except the very best. His characters live in their own right, of their own parts and passions, and what they feel and do is true."

(See page 5)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A book to read, and re-read and remember forever! . . . Nothing ever before written in this field even approaches it!"

GONE WITH THE WIND

By MARGARET MITCHELL

24th Printing
In less than four months!

600,000 Copies
Including Book-of-Month Club

The book which has set a brand new standard for fiction: Thousands who have read it are vainly clamoring to their book stores for "something else like GONE WITH THE WIND"; the book which every one wants to own so that each of the absorbing chapters may be "read, and re-read and remembered forever!"

1037 pages—the equivalent of five ordinary novels—$3.00

The White Hare

By FRANCIS STUART

A new novel in which is combined the fascinating, provocative, deep and intensive feeling for life which has given Mr. Stuart his distinguished place among contemporary Irish writers. $2.50

Eggs and Baker

By JOHN MASEFIELD

The author of "Bird of Dawning" turns from sea to countryside in this new novel. But there is the same exactness of description and biting penetration. $2.50

Other Fine Novels

Fair Company
By DORIS LESLIE

Wake and Remember
By JAMES GRAY

Mansions in the Cascades
By A. S. MONROE and E. L. WOOD

[$2.50 each]

Getting Help From Religion

By JAMES G. GILKEY

The latest addition to Dr. Gilkey's books for practical aid for moderns. "You Can Master Life," "Managing One's Self" were among its noted predecessors. $1.75

Gone Sunwards

By CECIL ROBERTS

The author of "Gone Rustic" records in a charming essay, impressions of a visit to Florida, fresh from London's fogs. $2.50

The Nationalizing of Business, 1878-98

By IDA M. TARBELL

Miss Tarbell analyzes conditions and events which laid the foundations for modern industrial capitalism. A book of unusual importance—timely, authoritative, thorough. $5.00

New Faith for Old

By SHAILER MATHEWS

The autobiography of one of America's most noted and best beloved teachers, theologians and religious leaders. $3.00

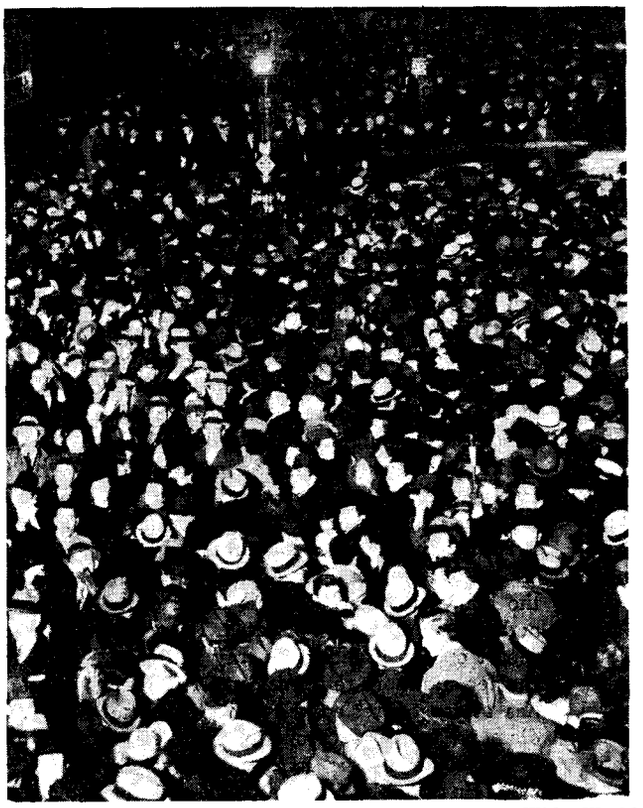
The **MACMILLAN COMPANY**
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tap-Day in America

BY H. L. MENCKEN

WHEN the first volume of "Who's Who in America" came out in 1899 it ran to 827 pages of two columns each and listed 8602 names of official dignitaries and other "persons of special prominence in creditable lines of effort"; the nineteenth* and last volume, just published, runs to 2878 pages of three columns each and lists 31,434. In the first volume the ratio of names enrolled to total living Americans was as one is to 8602; in the current volume it is as one is to 3910. Of the 31,434 men and women now glorified, 21,961 enjoy the honors and usufructs of the baccalaureate degree, 12,744 are also masters, and 7859 have reached the eminence of doctors—of medicine, law, divinity, public health, philosophy, pedagogy, music, engineering, osteopathy, or chiropractic.



Wide World

OUT OF EVERY 3910 AMERICANS ONLY ONE IS TAPPED FOR "WHO'S WHO."

So much for the figures. The editor, Dr. Albert Nelson Marquis, explains the great relative increase in listings on two grounds. The first, as one gathers, is that his thirty-six years of experience have so polished his skill at his chosen art that he is now able to track down and embalm many magnificoes who formerly eluded him. The second is that "the economic structure of the country during recent years has become more complex, as a result of which the principal occupations and professions have been divided into branches which call for an increased number of outstanding exponents."

Both reasons show a high plausibility. In his pioneer days, I daresay, Dr. Marquis encountered not a little suspicion among the eminent, and sent them many a questionnaire that was never answered. His scheme, at first blush, must have appeared to numbers of them as no more than a fresh device to sell them something. But bit by bit he convinced everyone at interest that he was completely on the level, and today all literate Americans know that admission to "Who's Who In America" costs the chosen nothing whatsoever, and cannot be bought by the heathen with gold and frankincense. Dr. Marquis's selections, as I shall try to show, are sometimes open to cavil, and many of his exclusions are unsound in faith and morals, but his disinterested good faith is now taken for granted, and the number of persons who run away from him on his tap-day must be very small.

His second reason has ample support in the known facts. All the traditional sciences and mysteries have been divided and subdivided, in this great country, into a multitude of specialities, and every specialty has hatched a spawn of specialists. Even the olympian omphalopsychites of Rotary International have had to take account of that great biological fact. When they launched their arcanum, thirty years ago, they made the rule that each club should have but one member from any given field of endeavor. Thus there was one insurance agent, one Y. M. C. A. secretary, one dentist, one lime and cement dealer, one architect, one veterinarian, and so on. But of late they have had to increase their categories prodigiously, for there are now veterinarians who confine themselves, say, to dogs, and would not look at a horse's tongue for anything, and others who treat only blooded cattle, swine, sheep, gold fish, or the creatures of the zoo, and would no more tackle a dog than they would tackle an archbishop.

The insurance agents, Y. M. C. A. secretaries and all the rest have undergone the same fissions, and so have the uplifters, the sad fellows who profess in colleges, the journalists, and even the police. New York has a squad of cops who confine themselves to arson exclusively, and care nothing for any other crime; what they know about even the most brilliant murder is only what they read in the tabloids. Soon or late they are bound to breed a national champion at catching, psychoanalyzing, and jailing fire-bugs, and once he is bred Dr. Marquis will put him into "Who's Who." During the Mitchel administration in New York, before the war, when hundreds of poor Tammany plugs were turned out to make room for saucy young A.B.'s from Columbia, many of the latter were carried on the municipal payrolls as "general experts." But today there are at least five hundred separate and distinct kinds of experts on the roster of the New Deal alone, and most of them have sent delegates to Dr. Marquis's carnival of big shots.

The New Deal, in fact, has got a great many new names into "Who's Who," notably that of the Hon. Aubrey Willis Williams, the true father of the WPA and now captain-general of the National Youth Administration. The Hon. Mr. Williams has been engaged upon the salvation of the lowly since 1920, but it remained for his high deeds at Washington

* Who's Who in America. 1936-1937. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. Chicago: The A. N. Marquis Co. 1936. $8.85.

Next Week

ABSALOM! ABSALOM!
By WILLIAM FAULKNER
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

AN AMERICAN TESTAMENT
By JOSEPH FREEMAN
Reviewed by George Homans

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to introduce him to the national Valhalla; even in the volume for 1934-35 Dr. Marquis somehow overlooked him. His gifted assistant, the Hon. Corrington Gill, had to wait for the same lift. His other assistants, the Hon. Messrs. Lawrence Westbrook, Jacob Bakes, Thad Holt, and Richard R. Brown, are still outside the gates, but no doubt Dr. Marquis will admit them in 1938-39.

Certainly he shows no prejudices against uplifters as such, for his fat red volume swarms with them, and when they happen to be in holy orders he has a special tenderness for them. Every officer of every missionary society between coast and coast seems to be on his roster of "persons of prominence in creditable lines of effort," and every Y. M. C. A. functionary above the rank of verger in the gymnasium, a nd every rev. operator of an association for enforcing the Sunday laws, abolishing war, putting down adultery, or turning the Indians into Boy Scouts. He lists dozens of pastors so feeble in fire that the most they can claim for themselves is that they have edited obscure denominational papers, or built churches in the wilds of Arkansas, or lectured in the bucolic chautauquas.

The secular brethren of moral endeavor are treated almost, if not quite as politely—all, that is, save those of a red cast. Here, I suspect, Dr. Marquis's undying principles as a Republican are allowed to color his judgment, though no doubt he is unaware of it. Whatever the fact, I find it distressing to go through a list of American immortals which overlooks Earl Browder, late Communist candidate for the presidency; William Z. Foster, candidate for the same job four years ago; Roger W. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union; Granville Hicks, the prince of Marxian critics; Clifford Odets, the greatest revolutionary playwright since Victor Hugo; Corliss Lamont, the firebrand stepson of J. P. Morgan & Company; and Mike Gold, who is to be Chief Justice of the United States when Utopia comes in. Of the twelve editors of the *New Masses,* I can find but one listed, though they are all geniuses, and will be not only the Shakespeares and Dostoievskies of Soviet America, but also its Mommsens, Kants, and Adam Smiths, not to say its Stalins and Torquemadas.

Turning to the *New Republic,* which is not downright red but only a lovely shade of seashell pink, I find no less than ten out of fifteen editors admitted—certainly, it seems to me, a difference that must have some significance. And that surmise is strengthened when I discover that Norman Thomas, Willliam Lemke, Father Charles E. Coughlin, and Dr. Francis E. Townsend are all in, though Browder, Foster, and Baldwin are not. And that Clifton Fadiman, John R. Chamberlain, and Heywood Broun are in, though the incomparable Hicks is not. In brief, I see a distinction betweeen the whole-hoggers and those who only cheer them from afar, and against that distinction I enter a formal and solemn protest, for it is the whole-hoggers who give the better show, and are thus the more interesting men.

Worse, the overlookings of Dr. Marquis are not only of Reds. How, living in Chicago, did he miss Allen Walker Read and M. M. Mathews, two of the editors of the new Dictionary of American English, a truly Himalayan work, comparable almost to the Decameron or "Das Kapital"? How, again, did he miss Walter Duranty and Karl von Wiegand, two of the best known of American newspaper correspondents, and the authors, between them, of many books? And B. W. Huebsch the publisher? And Dorothea Brande, who has written best-sellers in three different fields? And Dr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana? And Sadakichi Hartmann, still living in Hollywood? And Jack Dempsey? I protested against the omission of Dr. Dana and Hartmann so long ago as 1928, and against that of Jack two years earlier, but they are still *non est.*

The autobiography of the Hon. Samuel Untermeyer remains the gaudiest in the book, as it has been for some years past. It runs to more than a column and a half, and supplies everything of interest about the hon. gentleman save his fingerprints and the number of his watch. Even the report on Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is shorter and more reticent. But Dr. Butler has at least wrested the *Police Gazette* diamond belt away from the Hon. Herbert Hoover in the LL.D. heavyweight class. In "Who's Who in America" for 1934-35 Butler listed only twenty honorary degrees, and his addition of "and many others" to the list had a hollow sound, for Hoover listed twenty-eight. But now Hoover still has only twenty-eight, whereas Butler has leaped ahead to thirty, and may have forty, or even fifty, come Michaelmas 1937.

There are some surprising *Gelehrten* among the also-rans. The Hon. William Randolph Hearst, for example, is *legum doctor* of Oglethorpe University, the Sorbonne of Georgia, and the Hon. Al Smith stands enfeoffed of the same austere dignity by Columbia, Fordham, Dublin, Manhattan, and Harvard, and has the doctorate in letters from the Catholic University, which is a good deal more than Dreiser has got from even the William Jennings Bryan Fundamentalist University at Dayton, Tenn. Sinclair Lewis has nothing beyond a Yale A.B., worth probably $11 at the prevailing market, and Upton Sinclair has only the A.B. of the College of the City of New York, worth still less. But Waldo Frank is a Litt. D. of the Universidad Nacional de San Marcos at Lima, Peru, and Dr. Albert Einstein, who gets into "Who's Who in America" for the first time this year, is a doctor *honoris causa* of Oxford, Cambridge, Geneva, Manchester, Princeton, Harvard, Buenos Ayres, Zürich, Madrid, Paris, Rostock, and Jeshiva, whatever that may be.

A glance through the new volume is sufficient to show the lamentable decay of the Anglo-Saxon hegemony in the Republic. If there had been a "Who's Who" in Washington's time it would have revealed few names not of English origin, but in 1937, opening the book at random at the beginning of the F's, I find Faber, Fackenthal, Fackler, Fadiman, Faelten, Fagnani, Fahey, Fahnestock, and Fahrenwald before I come to Fairbanks. But maybe F is a heathenish letter, so let us turn to T. The first name under it is Taber, which sounds English enough, but after it comes Tack, and then Taddiken, and then Taeusch. I try M. It begins with Maag. I try D. It opens with Daane. I experiment with endings. H ends with Hyvernat, C with Czerwonky, and S with Szymczak.

Thumbing through the book, one discovers some strange things. There are, it appears, two Franklin P. Adamses and two Jim Farleys. One of the Adamses is decorated with the Star of Ethiopia and gets his mail at the American consulate

(*Continued on page* 16)

Death in the Forest

By JAMES STILL

I WAS born humble. At the foot of mountains
My face was set upon the immensity of earth
And stone; and upon oaks full-bodied and old.
There is so much writ upon the parchment of leaves,
So much of beauty blown upon the winds
I can but fold my hands and sink my knees
In the leaf-pages. Under the mute trees
I have cried with this scattering of knowledge,
Beneath the flight of birds shaken with this waste
Of wings.
I was born humble. My heart grieves
Beneath this wealth of wisdom perished with the leaves.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XIV, No. 25, October 24, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond Studs Lonigan

A WORLD I NEVER MADE. By James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

THE Studs Lonigan trilogy proved that Mr. Farrell is one of the most talented novelists now practising in America. "A World I Never Made" is set in the same locale, the South Side Irish slums of Chicago, and is the first part of what will obviously be another long narrative, perhaps even longer than a trilogy. That fact, or perhaps only its obviousness, in some degree impairs the novel. Something of its effect is lost in our uncertainty about its exact place in the larger structure, but meanwhile it has impact enough. Mr. Farrell has discarded the mannerisms, typography, and invertebrate punctuation which he borrowed from Dos Passos, and has also forsworn the technical expedients of Joyce, whom he now resembles only in his hatred of the squalor, the superstition, and the suffering of the Irish poor. He now relies on a straightforward method, on simple lines and the weight of masses, on a direct presentation that ventures only superficially and occasionally into the subjective. The result is on the whole a success that, in some respects, goes beyond "Studs Lonigan," but the book is marred by a number of exasperating defects, some of which could easily have been avoided.

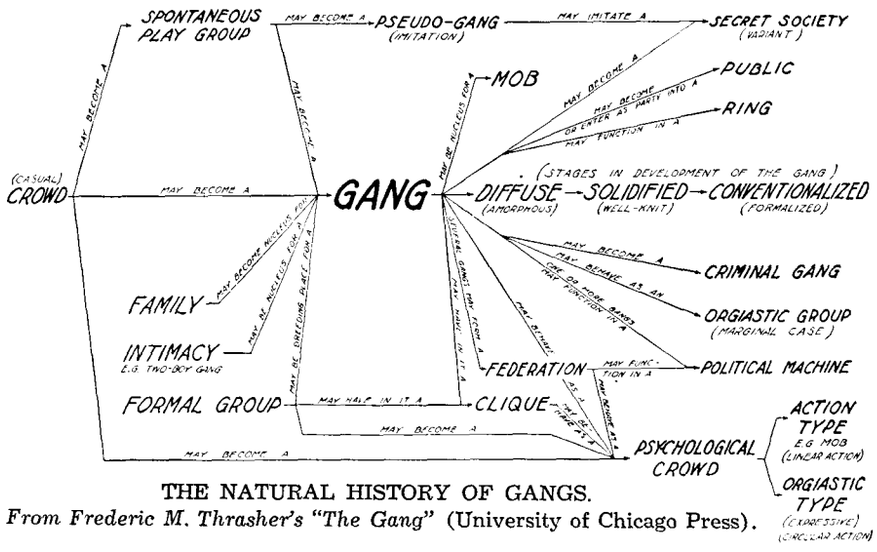
"A World I Never Made" covers some six or seven months of one year and deals with the O'Neills and the O'Flahertys. Jim O'Neill is an expressman; his wife Lizz bears her sixth child in the opening chapter and is pregnant again on page 506. When the book opens they have already had to give their seven-year-old Danny (who seems likely to share with his brother Bill the main burden of the trilogy) to Lizz's white-collar brother Al, and before it is over the oldest girl has gone to a cousin in Madison. Lizz has masses said for her father's soul, prays for her Intention, fights with her neighbors, drowses in a slatternly lethargy, quarrels with her husband, and keeps his house and loves him and is always bearing him one child more. Jim wears his truss, makes his deliveries, takes the pledge and breaks it, loathes the dirt and disorder and stinks in which they live, hates Lizz's slovenliness and whining but is transfixed by tenderness for her, dreams of giving his children a better life, futilely rebels, is reconciled, goes on miring himself more deeply in circumstance and defeat. Bill, the oldest boy, bullies and is bullied, begins an apprenticeship in theft that will give him a career as a petty gangster, and, by one of the heaviest strokes in the novel, brings a single bit of relief into the life of the O'Neills by falling under a dray and breaking a leg. The seven hundred and fifty dollars won as damages from another working man repair Lizz's teeth and will pay the doctor for the new baby. And will also buy some more masses.

Al O'Flaherty, Lizz's brother, is a shoe drummer who lives comfortably, improves himself, rises in the world, and makes plans for his nephew Danny. With him live his sister Margaret, the mistress of a lumberman who is involved in the Lorimer election fraud (here the novel runs parallel to much of Dreiser), and his mother, Mrs. O'Flaherty, who is the principal triumph of the book. Mother O'Flaherty is presented with what I can only call ecstasy. Sprinkling holy water to exorcise devils, cursing her daughter and sometimes beating her with her fists, pouring a flood of invective on everyone who offends her or any of her family, beerily weeping over Danny or her dead husband or the dead Louise—she is truly magnificent. A splendid vitality informs her. She dominates the novel and she will cast a long and abiding shadow, for contemporary fiction has few characters so alive or so memorable.

Certain of Mr. Farrell's shortcomings must be noted. His expository passages are crudely done, especially in the early part of the novel. He is painfully long-winded, stretching out many of his scenes that cried aloud to be done succinctly. Much of the stiltedness in the dialogue of Al and his up-and-coming associates, which is meant as satire, is merely inept and becomes tiresome. And especially he has failed to study the economics of obscenity. Little Danny learns how babies are made too often and at too great length, and in general the monosyllables are overworked and the infusion of toughness is overdone. Many of these characters are tough guys and naturally their spit has to bounce, but when it bounces twice the effect is pretty close to burlesque. No principle of fiction is clearer than that by which, in matters of obscenity, one gets you ten, whereas five pushes the reader over the line into impatience.

Nevertheless Mr. Farrell could spot his competitors more defects than these and still come out far ahead of most of them. His book has abundantly the life that is so conspicuously absent from all contemporary fiction except the very best. His characters live in their own right, of their own parts and passions, and what they feel and do is true. To compare his slum-dwellers with the hully-chee clichés of Mr. Wolfe is to perceive at once the difference between creative knowledge and mere wish: Mr. Farrell makes his toughs live, Mr. Wolfe merely throws language at his without striking fire. Or put Jim O'Neill and his companions beside Mr. Dos Passos's algebraically worked out conceptions of the poor, and you will see the difference between knowledge and logic: Mr. Dos Passos writes from theory, Mr. Farrell from life.

If fiction lacks that knowledge flowing unimpeded from the heart to the pen it must be, however praiseworthy in intention or expert in technique, a dead thing. If it has it, then no matter what it may lack it will still be a fine and moving art. That living reality is the most conspicuous value of Mr. Farrell's work. Above all else, these people live. Tortured, fighting, rejoicing, smeared with the feculence of the slums, preyed upon from above and preying upon one another, they are immediately and unmistakably alive. They are true people truly living together. That, heaven knows, is a great deal, but Mr. Farrell has another central quality of fiction. His picture of the O'Neills and the slum in which they exist springs from a fiery anger, but he adds to that anger the rare attribute of compassion. And so he comes close to timelessness. Mrs. O'Flaherty beating up her daughter to an antiphony of curses is a figure of pure comedy, but the purest comedy has always been touched with



THE NATURAL HISTORY OF GANGS.
From Frederic M. Thrasher's "The Gang" (University of Chicago Press).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pity. Similarly with the crippled Bill set upon by a juvenile gang; the scene rises above brutality and such a shock to the nerves as Mr. Faulkner might achieve, and becomes a part of mortal pain. The marriage of Jim and Lizz, for all its hatred and disgust, is a real marriage and this family in the slums live in a real home. Lesser griefs merge into a recognition of the tragedy of human life. With that compassion Mr. Farrell lifts himself to a higher estate in fiction than he had occupied before. But, I am afraid, he has lifted himself out of the respect of the criticism which, combatting his own criticism, has most championed his fiction. He is now in an area where the subsidiary criteria of proletarian literature cannot be applied to him. He is dealing with universals, and though his stature as an artist is increased he has, whether or not he intended to, abandoned the class struggle for the deadlier struggle between mankind and the gods.

Feats of Derring-Do

THE PROUD PALADIN. By Iris Morley. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1936. $2.50.

AROUND the turn of the century, hardly a fledgling novelist but had among his manuscripts one relating in stilted prose the adventures of a knight errant in fourteenth century France, his feats of derring-do, and at least one chastely passionate love passage. Many of those manuscripts got published, and although imitations of "The White Company" and "The Forest Lovers" no longer figure in the best seller lists they continue to command a considerable public. Amateurs of such fiction will recognize in "The Proud Paladin" a familiar formula: a beautiful orphaned duchess ruling a shadowy duchy "west of Aquitaine" is rescued from the clutches of wicked kings and scheming barons by a gallant knight of doubtful birth, the captain of a free company. The time is 1368 and thereabouts. For novelty, the duchess is herself a notable warrior, overthrowing champions in the lists and deciding battles by cleaving her way through a host of foes to cut down the opposing leader, a veritable Britomart in armor, though less chaste than Britomart without it.

That medieval duchesses are less chaste now than they were in 1905 is the only concession to realism. And readers need not be dismayed by the hint of historical research in the preface or by the threat of preciosity in the chapter headings. This is a fanciful rather than a historical novel, just pleasantly spiced with Froissart, and though occasionally a paragraph has curdled under the author's determination to write poetic prose, most of the narrative flows rapidly and smoothly. It offers real, if undistinguished, entertainment to all those who like to escape to a romantic Middle Ages.

Mirrors of Forty-Fifth Street

By a curious coincidence two books of peculiar interest to The Saturday Review *are appearing on the same day. Instead of having sent out for review in the usual manner the just published volumes of its former and present editors, Mr. Canby and Mr. DeVoto,* The Saturday Review *publishes below their own statements in which they describe and explain the purpose of their respective books.*

SEVEN YEARS' HARVEST. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE chapters of this volume of essays are called "The Twenties and Thirties," "Estimates of the Dead," "The Literature of Disillusion," "Addressed to Youth," "Essays in Criticism," "Estimates of the Living," "On Reading," "On Style and English," "Out-of-Town Essays," "American Traits," Speculations." They may provide a looking backward for those who enjoy both books and life, since they deal chiefly with the last seven years of an ardent reader's reading. They were certainly not retrospect for that reader, but his immediate reactions to ideas as they moved and life as it was being lived.

Their material, most of which is drawn from the files of *The Saturday Review,* has been selected, arranged, and confined into a continuity intended to represent the rich response of art and letters to the seven lean years of the depression, as one man saw and felt it. They are not revised except for minor errors, not corrected by a backward-looking wisdom, which may not be so wise after all, not extended by qualifications. If they have value, it will be because they contain the comment which seemed most worth saving, but still more because they are current intellectual history, immediate, contemporary, and written in the actual climate of their times. Perhaps they should be called opinions rather than criticism, yet the two terms cannot be entirely separated, since truth is quite as likely to settle upon the thought of the moment as upon the analysis of a decade later. If I have looked backward in these chapters it is in literary tradition and at an American past, especially at the immediate past of a fat and unhealthy prosperity. If forward, toward a future which is quite as speculative in 1936 as in 1929 when this book began. If, like Thoreau or Emerson, I had kept a journal, instead of an editor's desk, these essays long and short would have been my intellectual diary. In dignifying them by selection and reordering, I have followed the precedent of all diarists who wish to save for themselves, and those willing to read, the record of days when the writer seemed to see an order and significance in the confusion of events, and the mind became articulate.

FORAYS AND REBUTTALS. By Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

MY new book is a collection of articles written for various magazines, principally for *Harper's,* during the last nine years. Nothing I published earlier than that seemed worth reprinting. The collection was instigated by Alfred McIntyre and is dedicated to Lee Hartman; they are strong, patient men and all complaints should be made to them direct. The young man who wrote the blurb was a student of mine at Harvard. He says "it is a constant analysis of errors in thinking, an exposure of tacit assumptions and placidly accepted fallacies." I say it is what happens when you get Charles Lamb thrown at you in college and then go out and try to write essays with the magazines what they are nowadays. It has a good deal about the West in it, a little about the frontier, something about education (mostly wrong, except the Black Mountain piece), some book reviews, two formal papers on Mark Twain (one of them pretty snooty), and quite a bit about literary thinking. Literary thinking has been my grouch for a long time; I don't like the way the brothers do it and believe in saying so. What's the matter with it? Well, last week in these columns a man (he's a very shrewd man, too, and a friend of mine) took me to task because, he said, a word I'd used wasn't in the dictionary. But it was in the dictionary. He was sure but wrong, and he ought to have looked it up. So about a hundred pages of "Forays and Rebuttals" are a long howl in just those terms: why don't the brothers look it up? And why do they try to pass off their private reveries as objective facts? And why don't they read some history? In fact the book is primarily about history and even has some in it. The best chapter is easily "The Centennial of Mormonism," and the worst is "The Co-eds: God Bless Them," which I reprint for the sole reason that other people will now have to stop reprinting it. But the one which I wish people would read is "What the Next Hour May Bring Forth." Little, Brown and Company have made a very handsome book of "Forays and Rebuttals," though the managing editor objects to the lack of running heads; it has 403 pages but no index; the movie rights are not being offered.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOSTILE PROPAGANDA IN THE TIME OF SAMUEL ADAMS.
From "The History of the United States," by James Truslow Adams (Scribners).

The Ways of a Revolutionist

SAM ADAMS, PIONEER IN PROPAGANDA. By John C. Miller. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. MILLER has made a notable contribution to American history, although not at all one which super-patriots will relish. Equipped with sound scholarship, judicial temper, and a graceful literary style, he has told in exhaustive and pitiless detail the true story of the man who has been acclaimed as the "father of the American Revolution," but whose career discloses not a single lovable personal characteristic, who stopped at no misrepresentation, however gross or fantastic, to attain his ends, whose satisfaction was found in chaos, whose instrument was a mob, and who garbed his purposes and conduct in a cloak of high political motive trimmed with a tinsel of religious aspiration. If any one still believes, or would like to believe, that the American Revolution sprang from the spontaneous desire of an oppressed people for independence, or that the powerful influence which Massachusetts exerted upon it in its beginnings was dominated by mature conviction or statesmanlike vision, he should read this record of the greatest, the most unscrupulous and vindictive, and most successful of American agitators and propagandists, and be chastened.

Propaganda depends upon distortion. The whole truth and nothing but the truth cannot be counted upon to produce the paralysis of judgment and fervor of emotion that propaganda aims to develop; the truth must be twisted and exaggerated, and if facts are lacking they must be invented. Adams's contribution to the theory of colonial resistance was substantial, as Mr. Miller is at pains to show, but his everyday activities as a revolutionary propagandist were devoted to the distortion of matters in which there was an element of truth, and the circulation of insinuations and charges in which there was sometimes no truth at all. He set himself to ruin the administrations of Bernard and Hutchinson by deliberately misrepresenting their motives and exaggerating the effect of their mistakes or ineptitudes, and in attacking the new trade and taxing acts of Parliament relating to the colonies he ran the gamut from "viewing with alarm" to the direst predictions of the calamities which enforcement of the acts would entail.

Effective as distortion and misrepresentation unquestionably were, however, Adams was not content with the excitement which his vitriolic pen and skilful plotting could produce. To propaganda he added violence, systematically nurtured and personally directed. Mr. Miller gives us vivid pictures of the Boston mobs, recruited from the roughnecks and lawless artisans of the town, who terrorized officials, made it expedient for wealthy merchants to be known as Sons of Liberty, gutted Hutchinson's house, precipitated the Boston "massacre," plundered the tea ships, and intimidated dealers in British goods. The Boston town meeting became, in Adams's hands, little better than a mob masquerading as a deliberative assembly. Yet Adams himself, organizer of lawlessness and prolific in personal threats and lawless demands, had caught a glimpse, while a student at Harvard College, of the new Puritanism which Whitefield preached in the Great Awakening of 1740; and although his position, as Mr. Miller sees it, was that of "a good, eighteenth-century Congregationalist who went to church regularly and observed all the formalities of his religion," he passed in revolutionary Boston as "a devout, old-fashioned Puritan, except among the Tories," "was never more angelic than when singing hymns in Dr. Checkley's meetinghouse," "set aside days of fasting and prayer to 'seek the Lord'" at critical moments in the struggle between the House of Representatives and the royal governor" in which his own role was that of a boss, and had as "one of his strongest desires" the restoration to New England of Puritan manners and morals. By this means, Mr. Miller declares, "he gave the American Revolution the character of a moral and religious crusade."

Adams's leadership was confined to Massachusetts, and particularly to Boston. Elsewhere in the colonies his radical proposals encountered rebuffs and stirred distrust of New England. He was coolly received at the first Continental Congress, although he had some influence in defeating Galloway's plan of reconciliation and succeeded in stirring up a Philadelphia mob against the scheme and its author. In spite of his great reputation, in England as well as in America, as a revolutionary agitator—a reputation which led a British Tory to describe him as "that Machiavel of Chaos" and the "would-be Cromwell of America"—his career in Congress, Mr. Miller records, was "marred by factiousness, intrigue, and broils," and "although . . . . expert in overturning governments, he knew nothing of rebuilding them." His influence in military appointments and military matters generally was obstructive and demoralizing, he saw liberty imperilled when Washington was given dictatorial military authority, and "the only question really in dispute" about his connection with the Conway Cabal, Mr. Miller declares, "is to what lengths Adams went in active intrigue to displace Washington." After the peace he posed for a time as a censor of the morals of Boston, denounced Shays's rebellion without in the least comprehending the distressful situation of rural Massachusetts, and seriously endangered the ratification by Massachusetts of the Federal Constitution. In 1794 he won the election for governor, and in that office became so popular with American Jacobins "that he ran Governor Clinton a close race for highest honors," and allowed a Boston mob to riot for six nights against the Jay treaty until the citizens organized and restored order. Then the rising tide of Federalism swept him aside, and he lingered on in an old age that was "not happy or beautiful" until his death in 1803.

Mr. Miller offers no summary estimate of Adams or his work. He may well have been glad to escape so difficult a task, for the ways of revolution rarely conform to ethical canons. The best that can be done, perhaps, is to leave Adams to his past, remembering that history does not require a reconciliation of ends and means. Adams made history. How he did it could not have been described better than it has been in Mr. Miller's admirable book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO . . . . . Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART . . . . . Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN . . . . . Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS . . . . Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1936, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Eppur Si Muove!

HOW easily it might have got lost in the flood of beautifully printed pamphlets that reach this desk! It might have been mistaken for one more announcement of one more unneeded subscription edition of one more third-rate author's collected works, or of one more collection of Persian erotica sold only to physicians, lawyers, serious students, and those who have the price. But it wasn't, and the great bulletin got home. "For the first time," the prospectus says, "the fundamental principles of writing obeyed by ALL successful authors of the past or present, have been arranged logically in a code of universal laws." That, then, was why the earth swerved a little and the planets strained their bonds, what time the Perseids fell. Tidings of desolation ran on the wires from all over Europe and beyond, but in America a loftier Argo cleft the main. Copernicus was born, or this was Newton, this was Galileo in twelve-point Bodoni, young talent might hope at last, critics might lay away their bludgeons, and the world's great age begin anew.

"The fundamental principles of writing obeyed by ALL successful authors of the past or present have been arranged logically in a code of universal laws." Something a little ominous in that "code" perhaps, some suggestion of a legal assembly, or some faint echo of the phrase "crack down"—but no matter. It is, of course, "for the first time," but one is moved to envious emulation. It may be a fundamental principle of writing that all successful authors must make marks on paper with pen or pencil or typewriter, or on parchment or papyrus with a brush, or on clay or wax with a stylus, or on stone with a chisel, or on metal with a graving tool. But no, there was Henry James, who just talked to an amanuensis; and there is Mr. Oppenheim who talks to four of them, and the geniuses of the improbable Hollywood who talk directly through a vacuum tube to celluloid.

Well, can it be a fundamental principle that what you write must carry some meaning? The hypothesis so eagerly advanced must be at once abandoned before the host of specimens that leap to mind. Then that the words you put together must make sentences? No, Miss Stein is a successful author both past and present. Then that what you put in sentences must be words? No, chromatic steams swirl in *Transition's* laboratory and Edward Lear is born again in eerie syllables that speak for the unconscious to the unconscious and display a curious fondness for the letter *o*, suggestive of wind on the vowels.

Then surely it is a fundamental principle that the art of writing is so repulsive that all writers thank God for any noise in the street or any telephone call which will reprieve them from the desk. It is a universal law that all writers will count the spots on the wall paper rather than begin to write. But no: this leaves altogether out of account the poetess and the man who has found a misprint on this page. They love to write.

Clearly, that effort to follow Galileo's plow gets us nowhere and we must try another tack. Well, all authors of the past and present are uninterested in what reviewers say about their work and merely paste their clippings in scrapbooks to appease the antiquarian interests of their children. Surely that is as fixed as $gt^2/_2$ and we may press on to another principle: it is a universal law that writers write not selfishly or for themselves alone, but only that their thought may find its way to print and so to the elevation of other minds. But even one exception will destroy a universal, and comes now the Macmillan Company with this season's fairest rose of all publicity releases. Here is an author who writes solely for her private amusement, sends her book out only because she envies a friend's quaint privilege of boasting that *his* book has been rejected by every publisher in America, and has to be pursued by half the office force, lassoed and hobbled, forcibly subdued, and blackjacked into a contract. In the presence of that honey, that twenty-four carat, twenty-one jewel nifty, the search for universals must be abandoned to Galileo. He has avenues to truth our earthbound feet can never travel.

His lot may be difficult, though, for the septic world distrusts genius and may put him to the torture chamber, from which one sees him emerging to raise his bloody head again and mutter, "they are STILL universal laws." Or now that we move toward national planning, will the threat of a new monopoly pass unchallenged? Galileo is the head of a school for writers and there are thousands of people in his trade. Technological unemployment stares them in the face for, like the Rust cotton picker, this discovery will make them obsolete, victims of the advance of science that no hand can stay. Riots break out in the street, the constabulary charge throwing tear bombs, and a march on Washington is halted only when a flash comes that Rex Tugwell will head a resettlement commission to provide subsistence teaching till the new literature of abundance is established.

But we are assured that the advance of technology does not decrease employment permanently. Presently, after a short time-lag, the displaced vendors of fiction formulæ will become vendors of fiction, literary agents for the greatly increased production of authors. The discovery of the fundamental principles of writing obeyed by ALL writers and their arrangement in a code of universal laws—you cannot keep the news of that mousetrap from spreading. Already millions of aspirants must be beating a path by telegram to Galileo's door. The hesitant and the unconfident need delay no longer. Writing ceases to be a hazardous occupation; the laws are universal and have been codified. How do you know you can't write? This is the neotechnic age: you learned how to drive an automobile, didn't you? Lights burn past midnight in a million studies, fiction is on a rising curve, smoke pours from the nation's chimneys, the dinner pail is full, and the American renaissance begins at last. Market tip: play Mergenthaler for a rise.

But observe how precarious is the equilibrium of this complex world, how a new industry may be paralyzed, how a renaissance may be sandbagged by reactionary holdovers from the horse and buggy days. Some skeptic, some literary royalist, some vestigial individualist with silk hat rushes to the protectors of privilege and the old order. The way is cleared before his suit, which rises rapidly through the hierarchy of our legal system, and the code of universal laws reaches the Supreme Court. What, in that hour of decision, what will the nine old men do?

Ten Years Ago

Edward Davison reviewed "Animula Vagula," a currently new volume of poems by Leonard Bacon, in *The Saturday Review* of October 23rd, 1926. *"The keen edge of Mr. Bacon's verse,"* read this review, *"has never cut so deeply . . . In a mere thirty-seven pages . . . he contrives to say more than in all the three hundred pages of that startling and entertaining satire 'Ulug Beg' . . . He deserves to be ranked among the half dozen living American poets who, having something important to say, have refused to take the line of least resistance with their art, but have honestly attempted to find the best way to say it. Those who concern themselves genuinely with the future of American poetry should study this book and watch Mr. Bacon."*

A frequent contributor to the *SRL*, Mr. Bacon appeared in these pages only last week with a review of the new reading Bible edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates which has just been published.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *The Naval Encounter of Mr. Burman and Captain Bryant*

Old Man River

SIR:—I have read with delight Captain Sayre's demand that I apologize for my review of Billy Bryant's book, delight to learn that my river friends have suddenly abandoned those vivid jacketed magazines which lay in their bunks just seven weeks ago and are now given to reading *The Saturday Review*, so that when I see them soon again we may discourse as we float down stream of Marcel Proust and Santayana. Or am I, alas, mistaken in my delight, and do I discern lurking behind the good captain the smiling shadow of that very amiable and highly publicity-conscious showman, Billy Bryant himself? Kentuckian that I am, ordinarily nothing would please me better than a controversy; but being in New York for the express purpose of finishing a book, with time pressing, I am at the moment compelled to be a most reluctant adversary.

Of course I could get my steamboat friends on the Mississippi to write in to *The Saturday Review* fierily demanding that the good captain apologize to me, and the letters would be very pleasant to my eye. But I shall refrain, partly for the sake of the editors, and partly because I know the temper of my river friends, and as the argument waxed hotter, they might actually bring their boats up to fight the boats of Captain Billy's friends. And in the terrific naval encounter I don't know what would happen, with the Captain's boats way up there in Pennsylvania where he has all the steel billets of the foundries and the coal of the Pennsylvania hills for ammunition, while my poor friends have nothing but cotton and sugar cane.

I must at least, however, raise the flag of battle to declare that the good captain, who obviously hasn't read any of my books, can't frighten me with his bombs bursting in air against "book-writers." It's the generous and unstinting support of the Mississippi river men which has made my work so gratifying. Since the good captain has shouted no quarter, I'm sorely tempted to load my batteries with some of the comments famous river men have been kind enough to make on "Steamboat Round the Bend" and fire them broadside. But once again I shall refrain.

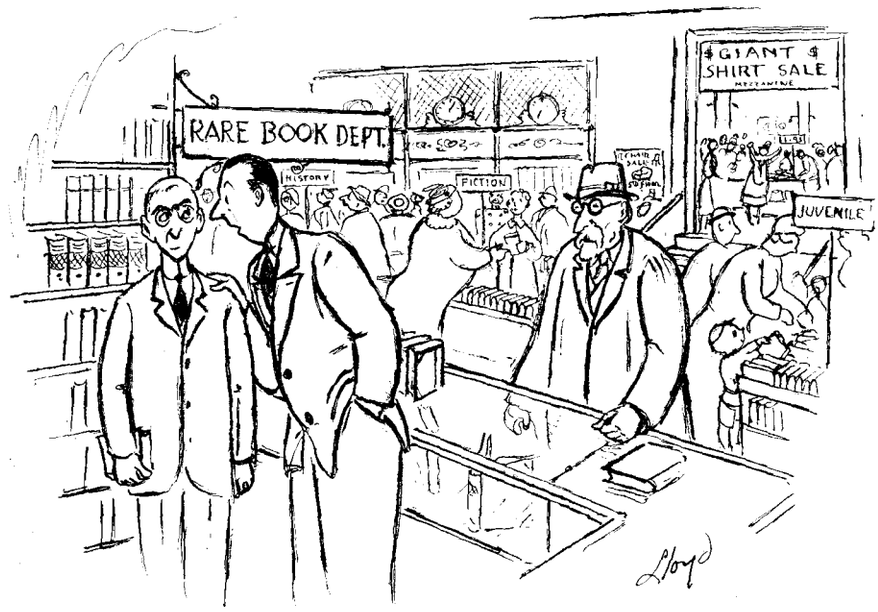
I suppose I must, however, reluctantly, parade a few biographical facts. I was born and raised in a river town and have known steamboat and shantymen since almost the first day I could toddle, and was on a steamboat long before I was on a train. In 1922, through association with my river friends, I decided to try in such feeble measure as lay within my power to restore to literary knowledge the life and folk lore of the river today, and embarked on an intensive study continuing to the present, that has embraced about every experience that can befall one on the Mississippi. I, too, have almost drowned on shantyboats and have shipped on steamboats so rickety even rousters wouldn't ship on them; I've been on boats through Gulf hurricanes and Arkansas tornadoes; I've been through floods so numerous I can't count 'em, and was on a boat doing relief work in the great flood of 1927; I've gone for weeks in the Louisiana swamps, full of quinine, letting malarial mosquitoes feast while I tracked down some bit of snake or fishing lore; to win the confidence of Negroes I've practised benevolent witch doctoring; and to win the confidence of whites where the streams led far back into the hills I've carried a mandolin and a harmonica; I've been cub pilot under one of the most famous pilots on the river.

I must pause again to raise the flag of battle in the matter of the phrase Old Man River, which the good captain says was first used "by a real riverman, now a Chicago newspaper man." Chicago or New York, it's all the same to me; it merely bears out my contention that it's a synthetic, white man's phrase, and entirely un-Negro, the sort of thing that I, alas, was guilty of in my earlier moments when I didn't know the river as I do today. If the good captain can find a real Mississippi roustabout shivering on his boat way up there in Pennsylvania and will get him to talk about these shadowy things he will find that the real figure who presides over the river is Al, the gigantic Alligator who lives at the bottom of the river, and to whom tired roustabouts throw tobacco so that Al will be induced to smoke his pipe, and thus create a fog. For fog results in tying up the steamboat and letting the rousters loaf all day long.

I'll take no sass on Mississippi matters from a captain who writes letters from way up in Pennsylvania where his river's so surrounded by steel mills he could almost put wheels on his boat and run it on the slag.

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN.

New York City.



"HAVE WE ANY INCUNABULA? AND WHAT THE HELL IS IT?"

Folk Song Texts

SIR:—The Popular Literature Group of the Modern Language Association of America is interested in a comparative study of ballad and other folk song texts in this country, and for this purpose is compiling a list of local collectors and of collections not available in printed book form but preserved only in manuscript or in newspaper circulation. Will readers of *The Saturday Review* be kind enough to send any information they may have on this subject to The Folklore Foundation, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York?

MARTHA BECKWITH.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Gently, Gently

SIR:—How about a sane blue-penciller to cross off the occasional "damns" and "hells" which give a journalese tug on Mr. DeVoto's coattails? The stratum of "genuine American life" for which he displays such solicitude (*cf.* "Beside the Limpopo" in 26th September), after all does include striations of a real reverence for a spiritual tradition. We *Review* readers just aren't used to it, and we hope (or I hope) there will still continue to be some faint boundary of expletive finesse to separate us from the preciously urbane coarseness of an Arno or an *Esquire*.

JOHN OLIVER NELSON.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Neglected Southern Novels

SIR:—It is a matter of wonder to me that in all the recent interest in the novel of the South, no mention is ever made of the tales of Constance Fenimore Woolson. Here were stories of Florida and Georgia realistic and vigorous. Haven't they fallen into a neglect which is less than their due?

JONAS MERTOUN.

New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

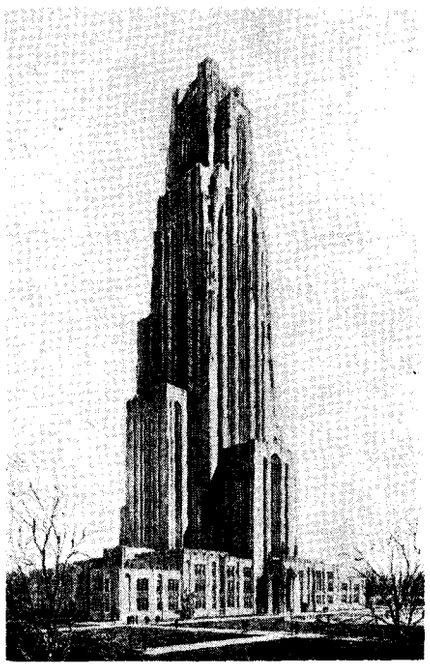
A Call for Aristotle

THE HIGHER LEARNING IN AMERICA. By Robert Maynard Hutchins. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS book by the militant young president of the University of Chicago should have been longer. It is one of those packed and meaty tractates in which each sentence has been hurled at an audience (for it is made up of lectures) which felt the personality behind the words, and had no chance to ask for further explanations. Already the ideas it contains have been widely discussed. It is to be regretted that before final publication Mr. Hutchins did not expand.

For this is a militant, a rebellious, and a positive book. Mr. Hutchins knows what is the matter with American universities, and he knows what to do about it. He is afraid neither of individuals, nor of institutions, nor of being certain. The bomb he explodes is intended to be widely heard, and he is not afraid, as are so many revolutionaries, to say what should be built on the ruins that are left after it has struck.



THE CATHEDRAL OF LEARNING IN PITTSBURGH

There will be no ruins. Few institutions are more solidly built than the American university. But there is going to be some broken glass. Mr. Hutchins asserts that our higher education suffers from two cardinal sins of the age, the love of money and anti-intellectualism. He is right in his first count, as every honest scholar, teacher, and administrator knows. From the love of money comes, so he asserts, the vocationalism which has made the university a place where men and women are taught how to earn a living as teachers, lawyers, ministers, doctors, engineers, or allowed to make the social contacts which help them to earn a living in business. The emphasis has shifted from learning how to think to learning how to adjust to our industrial society. A useful objective has taken the place of an invaluable one.

He is right also on the second count. By anti-intellectualism, he does not refer to the social and athletic-club aspects of a university. It is conceivable that in due subordination to a training in thought, these "activities" might well be regarded by him as a valuable release of energies too likely to get in the way of thinking. His charge goes deeper. He analyzes the American university, and finds it a triple organism. In one aspect it consists of groups of unrelated courses taught by specialists, each course with a minimum of reference to any other branch of knowledge. This is the usual criticism of intelligent undergraduates, who often assert that they have never been able to discover a vital relationship existing among the various courses of their curriculum, except upon the lowest plane of contributions to knowledge; but the statement comes more forcibly from a President. Such a chaos, as he calls it, he believes to be a defeat of reason, an absence of any concept of education regarded as a preparation for life that will admit of a satisfying definition—and hence anti-intellectual. In another aspect he sees the university as a school of vocational training engaged in teaching its students not what the professions are, what law means, or theology, but how to use and profit by them. This tendency is also anti-intellectual, like the times in which we live. The third aspect of a university as a research institute engaged in collecting facts, he also designates as anti-intellectual, in so far as the collecting of facts is subordinated to any attempt to teach the student how to think about them—which is, and indeed has always been, regarded as the true function of a university. Research in facts he applauds for itself, but regards it as not the first purpose and certainly not the most general purpose of education. Thus the vicious circle, described by Plato begins again. The nature of higher education is determined by the dominant desires of the present state, and the education thus influenced determines the dominant nature of the state of the future. Yet the safety of our complex civilization rests by general agreement upon successful education!

Mr. Hutchins's book is too short. His destructive arguments seem to me impeccable in outline, as irrefutable as his proposal (with which many educators agree) that general education should conclude at about the end of our present sophomore year, and that a true university can function only from that point. But in his desire to be clear cut and with his bent for the positive, this author is led to overstatement by the very logic which he demands as a requisite for a university education. The great-man method of teaching by specialties has been tried, he says, and failed. But has it? One willingly admits the failure of university specialists to think out the nature of what they are teaching, or its relations to education. What, for example, *is* teaching English, and how many professors could answer the question, or if they did, agree upon an answer? But the "great man" if you can catch him, no matter how specialized, does give that sense of the relativity of knowledge which is the beginning of wisdom. Nor is it by any means certain that the teachers whom Mr. Hutchins demands for his new university, men whose job will be to train in thinking, will, unless they are great men, escape from making unrelated specialties of their logic and metaphysics, so that the end of the matter might be just a duller college. For certainly if Housing, and Statistics, and Animal Husbandry, and Metaphysical Poetry of the Seventeenth Century are subordinate and secondary to the main business of education, they have nourishment in themselves, and some seeds that may grow into intellectual enlightenment.

But let us turn to Mr. Hutchins's idea of a university. It is to be prepared for by a study of mathematics, grammar, logic, and rhetoric, with for general content a course of study consisting of the greatest books of the Western world. The university course itself is to consist of a unified curriculum made up of metaphysics, social science, and natural science. The two sciences are not to be taught in wholes, or even as such, but rather as supplying a testing ground for thought. According to the mind and future purposes of the student, the emphasis will be thrown upon one of these three disciplines, the others being subordinated but not neglected. In every case metaphysics will be indispensable, for without metaphysics no true knowledge of relative values in knowledge can be attained, and no philosophy of life which will indicate what the student desires from his education. It is the absence of metaphysical training, of metaphysics itself, which makes the current university a chaos, instead of an intellectual system meaning more than the facts which it is so competent to pass on to its students,—which in short prevents it from being an organ of real education.

The word metaphysics has stuck in the crops of Mr. Hutchins's critics. They see their beloved institutions chivied back

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward the later Middle Ages where futile discussions of the intangible kept men ignorant of the possibilities of material reality. Mr. Hutchins is not medieval. His inaccurate description of the medieval university proves that he is thinking of an ideal for the future rather than any fact of the past. He relies, indeed, much more upon the Greeks than upon the schoolmen. And if by metaphysics he means, as he says he does, a study of first principles, and all that follows from them in the study of the physical world and man and his productions; if his metaphysics proceeds "from first principles to whatever recent observations were significant in understanding them"—then the modern student with some university experience must go with him at least part way. For surely it is patent, if not blatant, that science and scholarship in our universities have lost sight of any principle of life whatsoever by which their researches are to become significant except the one principle of power over nature, a principle which can clearly be as destructive of civilization as it can be helpful to man. Metaphysics in this sense means only, that at the vital university stage of an education all men susceptible of learning should be taught the relation of knowledge to a usable past and to a desirable future. Such an education *as a controlling whole*, no university, so far as I know, succeeds in giving, except by accident, today. Instead we have biology for the sake of biology, history for the sake of history, physics to make physicists, the liberal arts taught to produce teachers of the same.

So far one may go with Mr. Hutchins. But it is impossible to stop with this definition of metaphysics. Mr. Hutchins regards metaphysics as an organon for the derivation of authoritative first principles. Perhaps such principles are absolute, and need only to be rediscovered from the great books of the world. That was the theory of the Renaissance, and in modified form of the Reformation. Such a conclusion might well lead us back to the authoritarian state as Dante idealized it. But it is by no means certain, or even probable, that these principles are absolute. If the research of the past century means anything at all except a greater control of matter, it indicates that the first principles of life are only partly, perhaps only imperfectly, known. The meaning of history, for example, has already been given subtle extensions by psychology, sociology, and economics. And the meaning of history, if we ever learn it, is a first principle. It is more than probable that the metaphysics Mr. Hutchins posits will be a by-product of research as often as a result of the analysis of the experience of the past. It will be a new truth sometimes, not rediscovered, reaffirmed, but derived from new knowledge. If so, it will be gravely dangerous to separate, as he proposes, the teacher of metaphysics from the scholar and scientist, in order to make metaphysics in practice the function of a department. He will say that no such separation is intended; but under the system he proposes would it not follow as surely as the separation between popularizer and researcher today?

I say nothing about his subordination of research in pure fact and of vocational studies into institutes to be associated with the university rather than part of it, because this is a question of organization, and logically follows from his argument. Of far greater importance is his central thesis, which is that if our civilization is to continue, there must be some coherent and unified body of principles in the knowledge and *criticism* of which all highly educated men must at some period be trained. The welter of conflicting ideals in the current world, the vast ignorance of elementary principles betrayed by

PRESIDENT HUTCHINS

leaders, the obvious inability of educated men to apply any critical standards of values either to what they like or what they do not like, are all monstrous proofs of a situation so dangerous that even the uncritical feel, if they do not understand, its menace.

Yet the program Mr. Hutchins proposes contains its own dangers. It is not a false instinct which has led men to spend a lifetime on psychology or chemistry, forgetting all else, including the civilization which supposedly they were working for. They may be contributing to chaos but their very narrowness has been productive of the only kind of truth which can make the old wisdom of mankind function in a mechanized world. Metaphysics given too much authority because it represents a well-digested past, may be as great an enemy to man as his own greed and anti-intellectualism. These are now being manifested in a world taught by example if not by precept that all pursuits of all forms of power are equally good. No students of Aristotle alone will ever reform such muddled values, but only new Aristotles who are themselves not only teachers of truth, but discoverers as well.

Behind the Scenes with a Scientist

DIGESTION AND HEALTH. By Walter B. Cannon. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ALFRED E. COHN, M.D.

AN established custom, at Congresses of the International Physiological Society, provides for minting commemorative medals. At each successive meeting the obverse bears a portrait of the national hero. In 1929, at Boston, the honor fell to William Beaumont. Besides other virtues, this choice was generous. Beaumont was essentially a private scholar, a surgeon in the Army. It was a fortunate choice, for the clear vision, directness, and simplicity possessed by Beaumont are qualities to be devotedly cherished among scientists. When Doctor Walter B. Cannon, Professor of Physiology at Harvard University, was invited in 1933 to give the Beaumont Lectures for the Wayne County Medical Society, the Beaumont tradition was being maintained. Doctor Cannon's own researches follow Beaumont's vein, having the same clear vision, directness, and simplicity that characterized that resourceful pioneer. Doctor Cannon had, furthermore, enriched Beaumont's field with his own distinguished contributions.

In "Digestion and Health" Doctor Cannon describes four aspects, in as many chapters, of digestion—first the nature of hunger, a sensation which he demonstrated has its origin in the behavior of the stomach; second the nature of thirst, a sensation which, as he shows depends upon events in the mouth and pharynx; third, that mechanism in the nervous system which interrelates the tone and the motions of the successive parts from mouth to rectum of the digestive canal, showing in the course of his description how the wise man, in order to be healthy, obeys nature's hints on how best to order his life; and fourth, the influences which pain and the emotions of worry, fear, and rage exercise in disturbing customary arrangements of the system.

Doctor Cannon has managed to describe these bodily processes with unusual lucidity. Only a master knows how to separate the necessary from the secondary and so to permit a just view of what is essential. For the common man, it is a blessing that nature is being described in English, as it can be, without unnecessary intrusion of scientific slang. Doctor Cannon tells his reader not only how things work but he takes him behind the scene and gives him an insight into how the mind of the scientist works. Hunger and thirst—these are phenomena familiar to almost every one. Thirst, everyone will tell you we feel in our mouths, and hunger in what we call our

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stomachs. That is first-hand knowledge. But the conflict between professional insight and common sense cannot always be solved immediately. Doctor Cannon recounts how in this case the complicated thinking of the wise diverted attention from what should have been obvious. And the wise included great men like Magendie and Claude Bernard. It is a demonstration of his own quality that Doctor Cannon did not ignore the direct intimations of common sense and experience, that he weighed them carefully and by technical means established their value. Time was on his side. The use of Roentgen rays was introduced just when he needed them in his researches on hunger. He could see directly with their aid what could not have been seen before. But then to apprehend clearly and to employ correct techniques constitute indispensable abilities in investigaton. Again, in analyzing the nature of thirst, by putting together what obviously belonged together, Doctor Cannon showed that dryness in the throat, no matter whether caused by general loss of water or loss of blood, resulted in local dryness in the mouth and pharynx, at just the location where its occurrence culminated in the sensation thirst. In making this inference, reasoning came to the assistance of observation.

It is agreeable to think how significant have been the contributions to knowledge of this subject which have been made in the United States beginning with the superb observations of Beaumont. Doctor Cannon is generous in his acknowledgements to his antecedents and his contemporaries, Carlson and Alvarez. It is pleasant to speculate also on the many-sidedness of a man who permits, perhaps could not prevent, the frequent use of the adjective "delicious" in connection with foods when he speaks of appetite. And if more information on the George Higginson Professor of Physiology of the Harvard Medical School were wanted, something may be learned from the authors from whom he borrows quotations:—George Herbert, Benjamin Disraeli, John Ray, Thomas Tusser, Eliza Cook, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles William Eliot, Michel de Montaigne, and Jonathan Swift.

Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, a member of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, specializes in investigations in clinical medicine.

Germany's War-Time Ambassador

MEMOIRS OF COUNT BERNSTORFF. New York: Random House. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES W. GERARD

THE charming dedication of Count Bernstorff's memoirs furnishes the key to his life. That dedication reads, "To my dear brave wife who has courageously borne with me all the disappointments of life." And indeed his life has had many disappointments. About 1920 Count Bernstorff, flatteringly imitating the title of another book, published "My Three Years in America," dealing with his Washington experiences during the World War. His present book is a sketch of his life.

COUNT BERNSTORFF

Son of a German Ambassador to the Court of St. James, the young Bernstorff entered the army in a swagger Guard regiment but was soon transferred to the diplomatic field. The first part of his book is interesting as a picture of the intrigues and jealousies of those diplomats who finally succeeded in bringing on the war which ended an era at the cost of millions of lives and billions of treasure. Wherever he went Count Bernstorff seems to have fancied himself persecuted. In Russia someone "cast aspersions" on him, leading to his recall and in England, where he was Counsellor of the Embassy a fellow member of the Embassy staff, one Eckardstein, by "his intrigues and his mendacity caused me much trouble." A more peaceful time awaited him in Egypt where he went as Consul General and whence he was appointed Ambassador to Washington. In America again, in spite of German propaganda, such as that, for example, in the spelling books adopted in the Chicago schools for all grades which contained but one bit of reading matter and that a fulsome eulogy of the Kaiser, and despite Irish hatred of England which had been at work for years in the United States, he was beaten to a frazzle by the British propagandists.

In all my writings and speeches since the war I have never once referred to Count Bernstorff, as I was uncertain as to his real attitude during the war, but I am now certain that he was genuinely and sincerely in favor of keeping the peace between Germany and the United States and bitterly opposed the ruthless submarine war which caused the decisive entry of the United States into the whirlpool of war. He and von Jagow, to the end, and Bethmann Hollweg for a time, held out against the Generals who presumed to direct the political as well as the military policies of the Empire.

On his return to Germany after the breaking of relations with America he says that "people slandered me to the Kaiser," but he says that the Kaiser was prepared to appoint him Chancellor, provided the Generals agreed,—a statement which, however, is somewhat contradicted by the following extract from his book published in 1920:

> Although the Imperial Chancellor had told me that he would overcome the Kaiser's displeasure in regard to myself, almost two months elapsed before I was received at General Headquarters and even then it was only because a question had been asked about the matter in the Reichstag.

Bernstorff was the protegé of Prince von Bülow sometime Chancellor, a tricky politician, whose memoirs are a mass of deliberate, adroit, and monumental lies.

The Bernstorff memoirs are padded with page after page of letters from and to the author, some few interesting, most of them trivial and of no interest today. There is even one, congratulating Bernstorff on his previous book, from the magnetic Hanfstaengel, ex-picture dealer and Harvard graduate who until lately charmed with his piano playing the powerful Führer of the German Reich.

Personally I found Count Bernstorff a charming companion, a man with an agile, non-Prussian, and international mind, but an index of his character is found at page 175 where he writes that, during his mission to Constantinople after the war, he learned to like and "respect" Talaat Bey, the man, he admits, who had a hand in the massacre of 800,000 helpless Armenians.

Just for the record I must correct Bernstorff's statement that I asked to be sent to the Kaiser to settle the submarine question direct with him. This is not so, as I stated in my book published in 1917. I was asked to go by von Jagow and that statement was not denied by either von Jagow or Bethmann during their lives.

After his mission to Constantinople Bernstorff was finally elected to the Reichstag, but accomplished nothing there and then later became an advocate of peace through the League of Nations. Peace in troubled Europe will never come through Leagues or diplomats; but only when the peoples of Europe, democratically organized, themselves forswear war.

James W. Gerard was the American Ambassador to Germany during the war years, 1913-1917. It was during Bernstorff's incumbency in Washington that the famous warning to Americans against embarkation on the Lusitania was issued. Later, when he could talk freely, Mr. Gerard was outspoken in condemnation of the German action.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

Brief Essay on Oblivion

THE Editor, that new clean-sweeping besom, was asking me to do a piece about some of the books of this autumn—which I had read in advance proofs months ago.

I retaliate with a few meditations on Oblivion. I wonder if the Editor knows the dipsey verse:—

Off the coast of Chile, when we were rolling lopside
I was in a stupor in the sunshine, topside;
When we were crumbling through the Caribbean drowse
I was in a lethargy, leaning in the bows.
Up by the binnacle
I was an adminicle.
You ask me what I do in ships? I eat, sleep, drink,
Sooner than write copy I'll scuttle all the ink
And (cross my heart and hope to die) I never never think.
In the tropics memory itself is gone to nought—
I even forget everything that I have ever thought.

Of course I always knew it would happen some time; and now it has. I've long suspected that my mind, a makeshift implement at best, would some day, after too much busy triviality, just quit. After a winter and half a summer of intense continuous preoccupation, I went on a vacation—a vacation that took me from 41° North to 34° South, 75 degrees of latitude—from Long Island to Santiago de Chile. And now I find a broad blue band of deep oceanic siesta between me and all those many many books.

I have always had large powers of forgetting. When I go on vacancy I do so completely: old friends are often horrified at my return when, unwarily, I show that even the axioms of familiar routine have escaped.

This of course is a conscious deliberate self-protection. And there's no loafing like that of a small slow ship. For 39 days I idled on a hatch, or slept with detective stories requiring less than no intelligence, or played simple games of cards, or revelled in the chartroom copy of the *South American Pilot.* (There, if you like, is genuine realistic literature for you; not the sort of picturesque pulp you feed tourists in the cruise folders but the real stuff to give the troops. May I some day do you a piece about the *South American Pilot?* It examines the West Coast with clear and suspicious eye from the Straits of Magellan to the Canal, and is published by the U. S. Hydrographic Office.)

On cold days below the equator, in the warm spot abaft *Santa Rita's* squat green funnel, and on warm days on the sunned and salted black iron of her stem triangle, I forgot everything I had been taught to know. In that happy acceptance of the mind did I recur to The Books of the Season? I did not. There were exactly three lines that kept coming into my mind, one at a time or spinning kindly together. These were the three blades of the mental propeller that (gently, steadily, strongly) pushed me on. One was Shelley, one Keats, one Clough. Here was my mental propulsion:—

Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams . . . . (and be sure to accent *crystalline* on the second syllable)

O ye who have your eyeballs vexed and tired . . . . (I didn't go on to the next line, which I could feel without verbalizing)

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know . . . .

These three, together with a dim cognition of what followed or preceded them in their respective poems, were my anthology; indeed, in moments with gazing fed, my entire intellectual existence. Again and again, from ultramarine calm wrinkled like silk, they flashed into my emptiness gauzy and swift as flying fish. As the ocean seemed content with only one ship, so was I filled and satisfied with just one line; one thought at a time. Not even a thought, indeed, but a sentiment of thinking; satiated with syllables. Behind that clear weather, hurricane was preparing, just as beyond my indolence I felt the menace of Work—my own, which I love, and the endless jobs invented for me by others . . . . but pellucid and peaceful I went until the last afternoon. Then everyone was suddenly too restless to settle down, the nervousness of coming landfall seemed to infect even buxom *Rita* herself, and in the phrase of the old mother tongue we all had Channel Fever.

About Channel Fever a lot might be said. . . . .

Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet

Popped in between the election and my hopes . . . . The election lights on Fortinbras—these two allusions, both in the 5th Act of *Hamlet,* fell very timely on the audience's ears at the Empire the other evening. So pat indeed I was almost afraid someone would laugh; but the élan of Mr. McClintic's brilliant production carried over all irrelevant coincidence. Delightful to see *Hamlet* played as the magnificent melodrama it is; in the best transpontine (or Hoboken) spirit, if I may say so without startling Mr. McClintic. The excitement and "good theayter," all the Crime Club elements, were finely pushed home. The settings and most of the mechanics admirable. The ghost, always a nuisance, rather bad: too definitely physical, I thought; disconcertingly stumpy in stature and pedestrian in movement. Has the experiment ever been tried of having the Ghost's lines uttered by Hamlet himself? This would be psychologically valuable, though one would hesitate to impose further burden on that overtaxed part.—The opening scene seemed to me to lose some of its foreboding fright by too much hurry.

Of the Prince himself: Mr. Gielgud's performance has many charms though a shade too much in the Old Vic tradition

JACKSON'S ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI RIVER (See page 14)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for my own comfort. There were moments when I definitely parted company from his interpretation. I disagree, for instance, on the great climax, where Hamlet decides to test his murderous uncle by writing-in the special scene for the players. Those curtain lines, *The play's the thing Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king* should surely not be done in a frenzy of gasping and hysteria. Not in that mood, I submit, does one sit down to write. There is the moment for coldest, calculating malice, steely and stealthy.

But how pleasing to see the part played by a Hamlet still quite young (Mr. Gielgud is 32) and with such winning qualities of youth. Also, let me add, what refreshment of clear and intelligible articulation. There were several passages better played than I had seen them before: the advice to the players, for instance, which rather amusingly contradicted some of Mr. Gielgud's own method in other scenes. The general feeling was of just a little too conscientious direction: the movement on the great stairways was (almost unavoidably, I quite realize) so minutely and precisely calculated.

In short, within the framework of the tradition chosen, this performance was done beautifully and with gusto. If it may be said without offending an admired performer, the emanation one gets from Mr. Gielgud is that he is willing to learn, and intends to. I rather imagine that his Hamlet (even though he has played it many times already) is still capable of new colors and reflexes. One can pay an actor no higher tribute.

The Hamlet that gave me most to think about was the Barry Jackson production in modern dress. How I should love to see that done again. Weren't *all* Shakespeare's plays originally done in modern dress—that is, in the costume of the spectators' own time?

Speaking, as some one surely was, of elections, F. D. R. might be interested in an early use of a phrase that he has found useful. In *The Duty of Civil Disobedience*, written in 1848, Thoreau said:—

> I have never declined paying the highway tax, because I am as desirous of being a Good Neighbor as I am of being a bad subject.

An Embarrassment

Dinner notes jotted down by a famed Baltimore Hostess says the headline, with a facsimile of the lady's own private memorandum of what they were going to have for dinner, cigarettes and all. "Melon Cup, order some mint," she wrote (think of a famed Southern hostess having to order mint, tck tck) "Broiled Half Chicken, tiny Buttered Balls" (or is it Rolls?) "Small Buttered Lima Beans," (Mrs. P. is almost as fond of butter as of cigarettes.).—She's "a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence, and another forefather was one of the founders of the Bachelors' Cotillion, exclusive to Baltimore's first families" and yet here are all us riffraff of magazine readers peeking in on her private little memo to the maid (butler?). It's an outrage.

I get terribly upset when I think how embarrassed these exclusive sensitive People With Forefathers must be. Their pictures and all their innocent privacies, the little buttered balls and the shamefaced reminder to the chef to order some mint and only one brand of cigarettes (seems a little grim, always to force your guests to smoke your own favorites?) all those *intimacies* most of us keep to ourselves, burst right out in the open.

For instance here's Miss Anne R., "of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts." People who are interested in the arts, sensitive very likely, must be terribly startled to find themselves being casual and intimate on a colored advertisement page. Here's Miss Rose W., "of New York, Tuxedo Park and Newport, a descendant of Governor W. of the Mayflower Pilgrims," actually pursued by a photographer right into the dining room of the Savoy-Plaza Hotel. . . .

I know these people are fastidious (the ads always emphasize that) and I don't think it's fair on them. Of course noblesse oblige, and blue blood pays penalties, I understand that, but isn't there something that can be done to protect them? Our very nicest people, old Pilgrim and Signers' blood, I should think those proud veins would boil. I've been patient about it a long time, but I do feel that there ought to be *some* restraint on these intrusions of the press. . . .

Some months ago I spoke of my long hankering to see a picture of Jackson's Island, in the Mississippi, where Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer went camping. In all these years of Mark Twaining no one has ever given us a true glimpse of the place. Mrs. G. T. Guernsey Jr. of University City, Missouri, has sent one which I reproduce. Mrs. Guernsey writes:—

"I like the Island better than the Cave, for that has become modernized, being visited so much by tourists. It has electric lights which have scared away the bats. The Island has never had anything done to it, and must be much as it was in Mark Twain's time. There is an atmosphere about all of Hannibal, even more than the other river towns about here. Do you know a poem called *American Laughter*? When I go to Hannibal I always find myself saying bits of it as we drive along:—

> Springfield, and Natchez-under-the-Hill,
> And the river that flows by Hannibal still.

I must not forget to add that in Hannibal there is a most unusual and lovely small garden, like a miniature park system."

VIRGINIA KIRKUS said this about M. VIVIAN HUGHES' previous book *A London Child of the '70's.*

"It enchanted every one. It is a bubbling, irresistible sort of book, and has a nostalgic quality that makes it an unfailingly happy choice for older people."

NOW YOU CAN READ ITS EQUALLY DELIGHTFUL SUCCESSOR—

A London Girl of the Eighties

by M. VIVIAN HUGHES

The fascinating account of an impressionable girl and her reaction to the call of life in the England of the '80's. It tells of the author's share in the "new education," her part in the humble beginnings of the Cambridge Training College, of her later work and holidays spent on the Yorkshire Coast and in Wales. Illustrated $3.00

The Lonely Wayfaring Man

Emerson and Some Englishmen

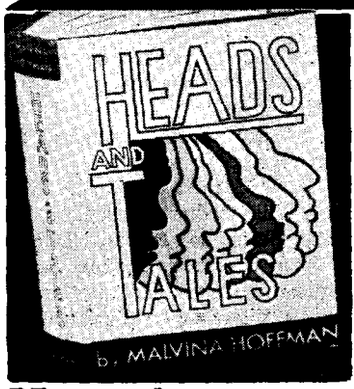
by TOWNSEND SCUDDER

A portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson as his English contemporaries—Carlyle, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Harriet Martineau, Arthur Hugh Clough, Henry Crabb Robinson, and others—knew him. A keenly penetrating biographical study making use of much new or hitherto little used material. $2.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUCCESSES—Right down the line:



Heads and Tales
by Malvina Hoffman

Fourth Large Printing. Almost 15,000 copies *sold* before publication. Front Page News in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* "Books," Sept. 27th. A best seller since publication in New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and wherever readers demand "uncommon information conveyed with a wealth of drama and warm human interest ...beautiful illustrations...unconventional and revealing autobiography. One of those books you are compelled to read," says the *Los Angeles Times*, "one you will treasure through years to come." *With 128 pages of illustrations.* $5.00

News from Tartary *A Journey from Peking to Kashmir*
by Peter Fleming
author of *Brazilian Adventure*

"Something fresh and delightful in the literature of High Asia. He tells superbly the interesting, amusing and sometimes exciting and dangerous story of two young persons crossing an enormous, variegated and always fascinating landscape...*New York Times. Profusely illustrated.* $3.00

General Grant's Last Stand
A Biography by
Horace Green

A vivid and trenchant biography of a great and much misunderstood American, revealing, through more than a hundred hitherto unpublished notes written by Grant during the heroic "last stand" of his fatal illness—a new and inspiring portrait. *Illustrated.* $3.75

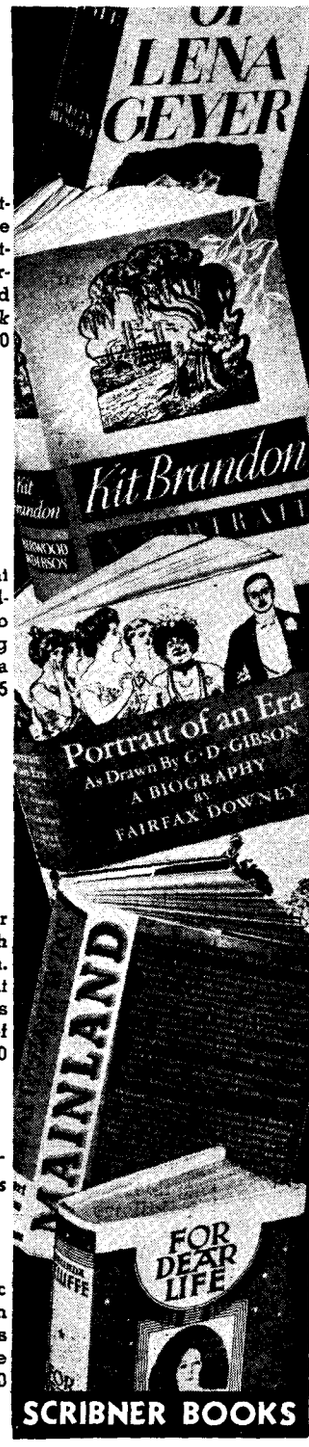
Courthouse Square
by Hamilton Basso
author of *Cinnamon Seed*

The story of a man's successful search for the realities of life that lie hidden beneath the superficialities of modern civilization. A novel of vivid contrasts, swift movement and passionate emotion, one that meets fearlessly some of the major problems of American civilization. $2.50

The Man Inside
Being the Record of the Strange Adventures of Allen Steele Among the Xulus
by V. F. Calverton
with illustrations by Charles Alston

The provocative, thrilling and prophetic story of a strange jungle "laboratory" in which a solitary white scientist conducts amazing experiments in hypnotism on the savages who worship him as a god. $2.50

at all bookstores



Of Lena Geyer
a novel by
Marcia Davenport — author of *Mozart*

Third Big Printing. Among the national best sellers in fiction. A vivid, emotional, dramatic picture of the rise to fame on the operatic stage of a poor Bohemian peasant girl. Here, says *The Springfield Republican*, is "vitality, color, beauty...it is like reading to the accompaniment of glorious music." $2.75

Kit Brandon: *A Portrait*
by Sherwood Anderson

Second Printing on day of publication. Front Page News in the *New York Herald Tribune* "Books" for Oct. 11th. "His best-rounded story in a decade," wrote *Lewis Gannett*, and *Time Magazine* calls it "in some respects the most unusual novel he has written." $2.50

Portrait of an Era
As drawn by C. D. Gibson
A biography by Fairfax Downey

Front Page News in *The New York Herald Tribune* "Books" for Oct. 18th. "Entirely successful," writes Robert Van Gelder in *The New York Times*. "A triumph of appropriateness, perfectly fitting its subject. And...one of the most interestingly illustrated books to appear in a long time." *With 230 illustrations by Gibson, and other illustrators.* $3.50

Mainland
by Gilbert Seldes

Front Page News in *The New York Times* Book Supplement for Oct. 4th. "The sort of book lots of Americans will wish they had written ...a confession of faith...in this country and its people and its way of life, and a bold assertion of confidence in the future."—Francis Brown in *The New York Times.* *$3.00*

For Dear Life
by Belinda Jelliffe

Second Large Printing. The amazing and intimate life story of a Southern farm girl who found her vocation as a trained nurse in New York. "Autobiography so vivid, so direct, so lively in interest that it challenges fiction."—*James Gray in the St. Paul Dispatch.* $2.75

at all bookstores

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW CROWELL BOOKS

LIKE SOFTEST MUSIC
By ROSE HEYLBUT
Love Stories of Famous Composers. Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mozart, and others.
Introduction by Richard Crooks.
With 26 illustrations. $3.00

THE HAY SYSTEM OF CHILD DEVELOPMENT
By
WILLIAM HOWARD HAY, M.D.
and ESTHER L. SMITH
A complete system of care and feeding, from pre-natal months until the child is twelve. One of the best books from this well-known source. $2.00

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE
POGANY EDITION
The famous love poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning receive their finest pictorial treatment. Eight plates in full color.
Cloth, boxed, $2.50.
Full leather, boxed, $5.00

SO YOU'RE GOING TO A PSYCHIATRIST
By
ELIZABETH I. ADAMSON, M.D.
A book on "how we get that way" which is remarkably easy to understand. The author brings to bear a wide knowledge and experience. $2.50

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS
By MASON WOOLFORD
"The first convincing novel of New York life we have ever read."—*Winston-Salem Sentinel.*
"Sparkling dialogue and realistic detail."
Library Journal.
$2.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
393 Fourth Avenue · New York

ODD NUMBERS
VOLUMES AND SETS
Of All Magazines Supplied Promptly and Reasonably
THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
950 University Avenue New York City

RARE BOOKS AND FIRST EDITIONS
. . . . . can be profitably advertised in the Classified Columns of ***The Saturday Review.*** Why not use this method to get distribution for your latest catalogues and to build up your mailing lists? For complete information concerning rates, see page 27 of this issue.

Tap-Day in America

(*Continued from page* 4)

at Athens; the other is a graduate of the Armour Scientific Academy at Chicago (apparently in the School of Meat-Cutting) and now has a swell job on the New York *Herald Tribune*. One of the Farleys is the gorgeous creature we all know, with his LL.D.'s from Casinius College in Buffalo and the John Marshall College of Law in Jersey City, and his exalted dignities in the Eagles, Elks, and Red Men; the other is an humble Congressman from Auburn, Ind., known only to a few newspaper reporters and statisticians.

There are, rather curiously, but six John Smiths, each with a middle name—John Bunyan, John Elijah, John Joseph, John Lewis, John Spencer and John Thomas. Bunyan, as befits his middle name, is a clergyman, at present denizened in San Diego; Elijah, as befits him, is a church worker; Joseph is a Congressman, Lewis is a lawyer, Spender calls himself a merchant but seems to be something of a public jobholder, and Thomas is a lawyer like Lewis. Lumping them together, they show three A.B.'s, two LL.B.'s, one LL.M., and two D.D.'s, or an average of one and a half degrees apiece. Two are Freemasons, one is an Elk, and another is a Kiwanian. A very respectable clan, but it would take some arguing to prove that any one of them bears "a name much in the public eye, not locally, but nationally," to borrow a phrase from Dr. Marquis's statement of "Qualifications for Admission to 'Who's Who in America.'"

The common notion that female celebrities, like women of lesser effulgence, dislike telling their ages is hardly borne out by the record. Indeed, I can find, in half an hour's search, only one who omits the date of her birth, and that one, Fannie Hurst, gave it down to 1933, so that historians wishing to determine it may still do so with a little search. All the following are perfectly frank about the matter, and, I am bound to assume, also quite honest: Mary Garden, Lillian D. Wald, Lily Pons, Willa Cather, Anita Loos, Mrs. Roosevelt, Geraldine Farrar, Kathleen Norris, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Ma Ferguson of Texas, and Ma Caraway of Arkansas. These talented gals, in fact, appear to be a shade less coy than the bucks of like gifts. Ethel Barrymore, for example, reports shamelessly that she was born in Philadelphia on August 15, 1879, whereas her brother Lionel, omitting the place and date of his birth altogether, plunges at once into the record of his marriages.

The most curious of the reticent males is Dr. Marquis himself, editor and owner of "Who's Who in America." He has spent more than a generation urging all other Americans of noble achievement to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about themselves, and yet he fails, in his own book, to say when he was born. One must work out the approximate date by the fact that he moved to Chicago so long ago as 1884, and already had behind him, at that remote time, three years of business activity at Hamersville, O., and another indefinite period in Cincinnati. Why he should be so shy I do not know.

H. L. Mencken as journalist and author has long kept track of notabilities.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE TWO PEARL NECKLACES *A. E. Fielding* (Kinsey: $2.)	Bride of wealthy British weakling is slain and her poils vanish. Insp. Pointer gravely follows tiny clues.	Notable mainly for its amazing picture of how nasty the British upper clawsses can be. Solution surprising.	Run-of-mill
MURDER IN THE RUINS *N. A. Temple Ellis* (Dial Press: $2.)	Rich legacy depends on death-priority of two corpses in flame-swept English manor. Montrose Arbuthnot unriddles it.	Problem is nice—if not especially new—but movement is dismally slow and the ending none too credible.	Soporific
CRIME ON THE CUFF *Henri Weiner* (Morrow: $2.)	Murder of kidnapped gambler and other grisly killings solved by John Brass 'tec with one arm (he cartoons with it).	Some good spots—notably one in a spooky tumbledown mansion—but mainly too artificially tough and too forcedly unfunny.	Take it or leave it
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT *G. D. H. and Margaret Cole* (Crime Club: $2.)	Accidental death of aged peer turns into murder, which Dr. Tancred solves—also clearing up quarter-century old killing.	Required reading for students of English mystery story at its analytical best—but stiff going for Mr. and Mrs. H. Poloi.	Recherché

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On November 6th
The Viking Press will publish
the most remarkable literary discovery of our time

The complete edition from the original manuscript, lost for over 150 years, containing the most interesting and intimate passages, previously deleted. An important first edition. $5
Numbered, limited edition . . $25

JAMES BOSWELL'S
Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

STEFAN ZWEIG

The clash of two strong personalities, Calvin and Castellio; the conflict of two eternally warring ideas, Authority and Liberty: this is the subject of the latest volume by Stefan Zweig, greatest living biographer. Readers of *Marie Antoinette* and *Mary Queen of Scotland* will find in it the same warmth and depth of character portrayal that marked these two great works. And *every* thinking modern will find in this exciting story implications of burning, world-wide significance today
Illustrated. $3.00

THE RIGHT TO HERESY
Castellio against Calvin

D. H. LAWRENCE
These, all the essays and papers unpublished at the time of his death, stand as the testament of an extraordinary mind. $3.75
(Boxed with the *Letters*, 2 vols. $7)

PHOENIX
The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence

A NEW EUROPEAN DISCOVERY

K. A. MEISSINGER
In this imaginative story of the ancient East in the days of its great awakening, a man, his ideas, and his spirit find adventure. A brilliant contribution to world literature. $2.50

DIVINE ADVENTURER

THE VIKING PRESS
18 E. 48th St., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Victory of Mt. McGregor

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST STAND. By Horace Green. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.75.

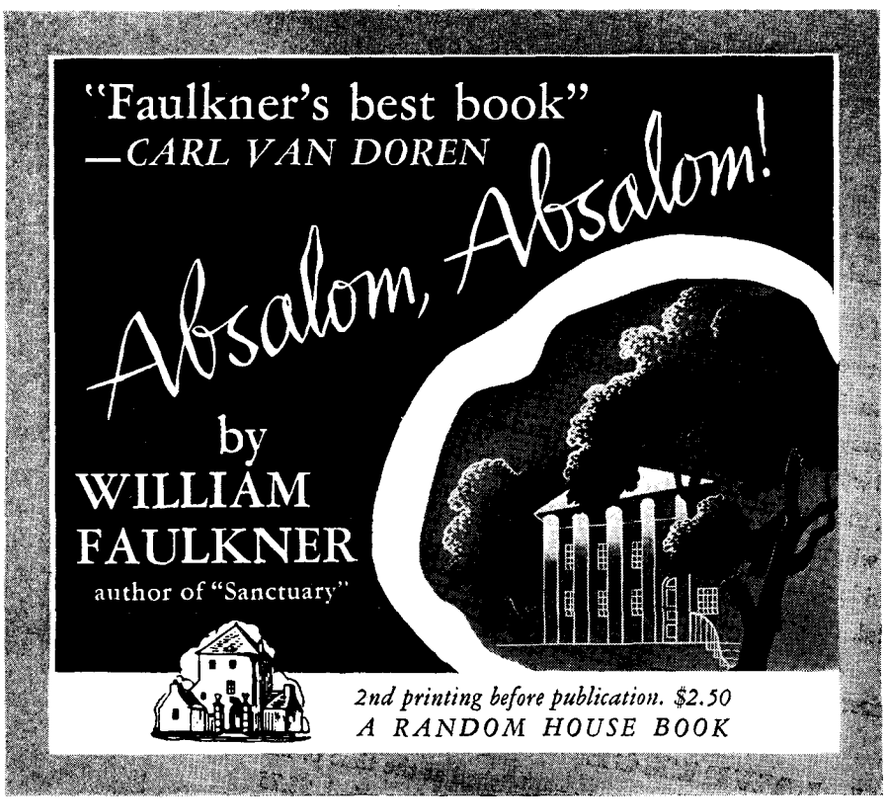
Review by ALLAN NEVINS

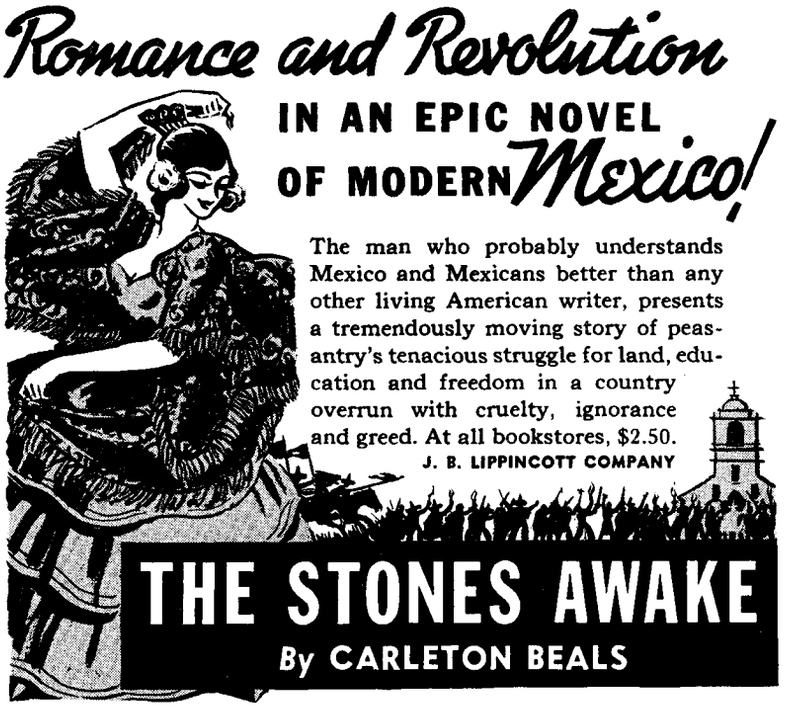
MR. GREEN has come into some golden materials for the study of Grant's last months—the heroic months of illness and labor in which he did so much to wipe out the unpleasant impression of the years in the White House and in New York finance. These materials are a diary kept by Grant's physician, Dr. John Hancock Douglas, and the pathetic notes which Grant wrote him after his epithelioma made it impossible to speak even in a whisper. Dr. Douglas (a brother-in-law of the author's grandfather) was a leading throat specialist of New York, and a veteran of the Civil War, who had served at Bull Run and had been an official of the Sanitary Commission. He had known Grant since Fort Donelson, and had admired him warmly. When on October 22, 1884, the general entered his office to complain of difficulty in swallowing, a stiff tongue, and a constant cough, Douglas saw that the ailment was past checking. Before many months passed he was giving most of his time to Grant; later, all of it. Devoted to his patient, he treasured every scrap of material bearing upon the case. Of the 120 notes Grant wrote, Mr. Green does not quote those—the majority—which have to do with "intimate physical details." The others, usually curt, are quoted in whole or part, and some are reproduced in facsimile.

The result is the most complete and authentic account we have of Grant's last eight months. However cruel the suffering of this period was, physical and mental, no admirer of Grant can regret his ordeal. Behind him lay the scandals and negligence of his two Administrations; his ill-advised effort to obtain a third nomination; his years of affluent ease in New York, in a rich house that was a gift, on large invested funds that were a gift; his dabblings in Mexican railways and other financial schemes. Many doubted the man's character. Had he died in prosperity his fame would have been badly clouded indeed. But the country learned that he was a hero after all as it watched him, penniless, facing certain death, in intense pain, stoically writing against time to complete his Memoirs and provide for his family. When he succumbed (July 23, 1885) on almost the very day the copying of his last pages was completed, he had rewon his place in the national esteem. Mt. McGregor was his greatest victory.

Mr. Green's book is in various ways badly overwritten. But he has shown discretion in fastening his attention on the moral aspects of these months. A few medical men may regret that he does not give more "intimate physical details" of Grant's case-history. But actually he gives enough. From Dr. Douglas's diary he quotes the account of Grant's first visit and the diagnosis; of consultations with other physicians as the disease progressed; of the crisis of April, 1885, when Grant almost died with the Memoirs completed only to Chattanooga; of Grant's gradual weakening, and of his last hours. "The symptoms of dissolution grew. The respiration quickened, the pulse became small and very frequent, the limbs finally became very cold, the pulse too frequent to be counted." The best pages, however, are those based upon Grant's pencilled notes. They show us the old warrior's extreme anxiety to finish his book; his wish to see the manuscript in such form that "the authorship would be clearly mine"; his forgetfulness of self, and freedom from all querulousness; his constant thoughtfulness for his family, his physicians, and his other associates; the glints of humor and tenderness that crossed his mind; and most appealing of all, his deep gratitude for the tokens of regard, transcending sections and parties, which came from all parts of the nation. Grant has his ignoble aspects; these notes show him at his noblest.

Mr. Green's book would have been far better had it been one-third as long. Ma-




Romance and Revolution
IN AN EPIC NOVEL
OF MODERN Mexico!
The man who probably understands Mexico and Mexicans better than any other living American writer, presents a tremendously moving story of peasantry's tenacious struggle for land, education and freedom in a country overrun with cruelty, ignorance and greed. At all bookstores, $2.50.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
THE STONES AWAKE
By CARLETON BEALS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terial that was originally satisfactorily presented in a magazine article, and that would have made an excellent brochure of a hundred pages, has been padded out to 330. This is done by prefixing to the history of Grant's last eight months a lengthy review of his entire previous career, a review based throughout upon secondary materials, covering long-familiar ground with no new facts or ideas, and at times clearly inexpert. The book is also written in an unfortunate key of hero-worship. Mr. Green even quotes approvingly the preposterous assertion of Louis A. Coolidge that Grant's Presidency ranks second only to that of Washington in constructive achievements! The time has gone by when such a statement can be seriously offered, or when his work as President (as distinguished from that of his best Ministers, like Fish and Bristow) can even be plausibly defended. The time should have gone by when Grant could be regarded as well educated, or large-minded, or generally magnanimous, or well-disciplined. Among the authorities quoted by Mr. Green are not the two who pierced most shrewdly to the bottom of Grant's strange conglomerate of weak and strong traits—Henry Adams and Jacob D. Cox.

A Great Elizabethan

HERE WAS A MAN. By Norah Lofts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

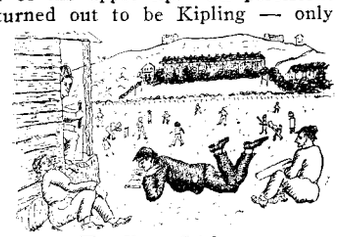
THIS "romantic history of Sir Walter Raleigh, his voyages, his discoveries, and his Queen" offers a fumigated and prettified version of a few of the more creditable exploits of one of the most complex and unpredictable of Elizabethans and a great deal of fanciful writing about his power over women. Over the novelist, at least, the projection she calls Raleigh has exercised a fatal fascination; such a character might be charmingly impersonated for the movies by Mr. Leslie Howard but bears only a remote resemblance to the swashbuckler, politician, poet, company promotor, and melancholy philosopher who sums up better than any other man the gravest weaknesses and most heroic virtues of his age, an age suggested here only by groups of lay figures labelled "Drake," "Sidney," "Marlowe," "Spenser," "Shakespeare," in the background of the episodes through which the hero strolls. One is not supposed to object to errors of fact in a novel, but since the distortion of dates and relationships leads to nothing significant, one may conclude that the weakness in character drawing results partly from insufficient study. Even this telling cannot quite dull the excitement of Raleigh's story. That story is well and truly told in a recent biography by Edward Thompson, which the reader will find not only authentic, but many times more strange, romantic, and absorbing than this novel.

Tonight you can enjoy the *inside* story of the immortal *Stalky & Co.* told by M'TURK!

SCHOOLDAYS *with* KIPLING

By G. C. BERESFORD (M'TURK)

"Into the small-boy's house at Westward Ho! in the chill gray January days of 1878 there fluttered a cheery, capering, podgy, little fellow as precocious as ever he could be. Or, rather, a broad smile appearing with a small boy behind it, carrying it about and pointing it in all directions. Over the smile there was a pair of spectacles, regarded in those days as a mark of extreme seriouness and crabbed age. When you looked more closely at this new boy, you were astonished to see what seemed to be a mustache right across the smile; and so it was—an early spring mustache just out of the ground of his upper lip. On persistent inquiry the name of the smile turned out to be Kipling — only that and nothing more," so begins M'Turk in this singularly intimate and fascinating account of a famous writer in the making . . . which is at once an extraordinary revelation, coming from the pen of one who shared practically all of Kipling's waking hours during their school days.



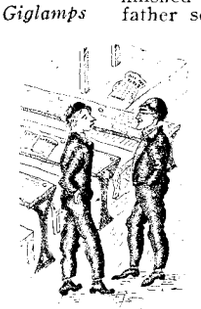
The Keen Cricketeer

KIPLING vs. FACTS

"We may be amused," says Beresford, "at the strange sight of the British public imagining that in *Stalky & Co.* it was having a peep at Gigger's real biography. Poor souls! *Stalky & Co.* is nothing of the sort."

(Kipling was yclept *Giglamps* by a laundry-cart man.)

Here is Kipling the youth, pretentious, pompous, lording it over his school mates, dazzling them with his erudition, crossing swords with the masters. One day he sat down in the study shared with M'Turk and said in a lofty way, "I'm going to write essays on the following words, synthesis, apophthegm, exegesis, synoptics, metagrammatism, dithyrambic, anaglyph and sciolism, and you don't even know the meaning of a single one of them!"



Have you heard of Froissart? Is it some kind of pastry? Yes!

EAST IS EAST

When Gigger was sixteen and finished with public school, his father sent for him to join the rest of the family in India. Young Kipling, deciding that London was the life for him, wrote back: "I have married and therefore I cannot come." In the ensuing family consternation and correspondence the valiant liar came off second and was *forced* out to India!

Stalky himself has written the introduction to this amazing chronicle, which is illustrated by M'Turk's contemporary drawings. $3.00

Published next Monday! SHOLEM ASCH'S long awaited novel of post-War Germany, THE WAR GOES ON. $3.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES • PUTNAM'S

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Helen Waddell

"She has learning, wit, imagination. Another enchanting and beautiful book which Miss Waddell has culled from the life of the Middle Ages." — *N. Y. Times*

"There is magic in Helen Waddell's translations of tales of medieval monks and ascetics. A book worthy to set beside those other monuments to her scholarship and her sympathy."—*N. Y. Her.-Trib.*

$2.50

THE DESERT FATHERS

Henry Holt & Company New York

WHAT IS HAPPENING TODAY IN THE

SOVIET UNION

Alert men and women now keep au courant by reading these informative Soviet monthlies and weeklies in special ENGLISH editions:

MOSCOW NEWS

TOPICAL WEEKLY. Reports major Soviet events. Masterly articles, illustrations. Thousands now subscribe in U. S. 6 mo's (26 issues) $1; 1 yr. $2.

U.S.S.R. IN CONSTRUCTION

DE LUXE PICTORIAL MONTHLY. Portrays the contemporary Soviet scene. Printed in Mezzotint. 6 mo's $2; 1 yr. $4.

SOVIETLAND

POPULAR MONTHLY. Devoted to life, letters, science and art in U.S.S.R. Foremost artists and writers. Illustrations in COLOR. 6 mo's. $1; 1 yr. $2.

Ask your newsdealer or mail subscriptions to

BOOKNIGA CORP., Dept. L, 255 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Write For Free Catalog of U.S.S.R. Publications

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THAT hermit-sage of the Upper Hudson, the poet *Arthur Davison Ficke*, writes that he has recently been greatly depressed by Middleton Murry's biography, and by English biographers in general of late years—so sends me the following "sad little poem":

HINT TO MEMOIR-WRITERS
With lack of morals
I've no quarrels:
But there my tolerance ends.
So—if you please—
No biographies
That gnaw the bones of friends!

Two recent books of poetry have specially interested me: *John Hall Wheelock's* "Poems 1911-1936" (Scribners. $2.50) and *Genevieve Taggard's* "Calling Western Union" (Harper's. $2). *Louise Bogan*, in a recent interesting review in *The New Yorker*, both of Mr. Wheelock and Miss Taggard, has doubted, with respect to the former, whether poets still feel humanitarian and pantheistic. I think they do. They also feel communistic, as Miss Taggard now does. At the present moment the forces of sociological and economic change are challenging the poet as never before. It is a good thing, on the whole, for him so to be challenged. Max Eastman has been hammering at him (the generic him) for quite awhile, for God's sake—or rather, not—to be more scientific in his attitude. Actually, I am not so darned conservative myself, and I have a lot of sympathy with the radical poets. Some of them have written stirring things. But I still don't see that you can write the best poetry to order—to *anyone's* order. Mr. Wheelock has always written out of his deepest feelings. He is not a great thinker. But he is a fine lyrist, and not, I think, in a minor strain. Miss Bogan seemed worried because he has used the word "beloved" rather often, and, as an example of what is being done today, as a contrast, she reminded the reader of an amusing bit of patter by Mr. Auden. "Belovéd" has been spoiled for her by the popular song and the radio, and Mr. Auden seemed quite smart. He is smart—not that he isn't a lot more than that too—but his quip remains "patter," and I refuse to relinquish the word "belovéd" because asinine popular songs have bleated it. Miss Bogan admits that Mr. Wheelock's book "rises at moments to clear and moving poetic expression." It does; and I don't see much the matter with his material. Young love may have a different sort of "patter" today; but when Mr. Wheelock was writing of it it was no less beautiful than it always will be at its best. Nor do I think that awe and humility and rapture, the common feelings of man, will ever be liquidated so long as man remains aware of his cosmic predicament. Where I agree with Miss Bogan is in the feeling that Mr. Wheelock has written rather too much in the same strain. But if you care for pure song, here it is:

Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriels,
Over the stars that murmur as they go,
Lighting your lattice-window far below—
And every star some of the glory spells
Whereof I know.

I have forgotten you, long, long ago,
Like the sweet, silver singing of thin bells
Ended, or music fading faint and low.
Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriels,
Who loved you so.

This is in a category somewhat removed from "I had an aunt who loved a plant. But you're my cup of tea," the Auden note that sounded in Miss Bogan's mind. Also, take the really superb poem on "The Fish-Hawk," with its high wide sweep:

Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,
Stooping, he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way
Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud Might,
Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey,
Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.

We may turn to the modern poet, Stephen Spender, when he writes

Can be deception of things only changing. Out there
perhaps growth of humanity above the plain
hangs: not the timed explosion, oh but Time
monstrous with stillness like the himalayan range

DO YOUR BEST ANSWERS COME AFTER THE PARTY IS OVER?

Just Out!

Milton Wright's

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

And How to Apply Its Technique

Milton Wright, whose GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE has helped so many people, in this new book shows you how to start a conversation, how to keep it going, how to direct it, how to make precisely the right impression. He takes actual conversations apart and shows you what makes them tick. A fascinating book —interesting, practical and really helpful.

$2.50

At all bookstores

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

DOES YOUR BOSS DRUM ON THE TABLE WHEN YOU TALK IN MEETINGS?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and admit its fine last line; save that Wheelock is the more coherent and commands the more majestic music. I mean to compare neither poet to the other's detriment. But I do not find tremendous value in merely technical innovations, and I think almost anything worth expressing can be expressed clearly without warping syntax. Wheelock's "The Black Panther," "The Lion-House," and "Sunday Evening in the Common" remain first-rate poems by any standard that has the breath of life in it. And there is a good deal more in this volume that goes to the roots of human emotion. There's a fine restraint here too, and much insight. Few of our American poets have written more naturally or with more deftly concealed art.

I shall have to hold over till next time the review of Miss Taggard's "Calling Western Union."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 134)

GEORGE CHAPMAN—
"BUSSY D'AMBOIS."

As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose,
In forming a Colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly.

The New Books

Fiction

SHANGHAI DEADLINE. By La Selle Gilman. Dodge. 1936. $2.

This first novel is the story of a sensitive, ambitious, and conscientious young American reporter, Tony Colin, who has a lusty curiosity about everything. Going into the interior of China for a series of articles he finds that the military powers have turned the tea plantations into poppy fields, China's curse; he sees a "fine strong people beaten and shot and driven like animals," and in general inhuman chaos. His papers will have none of his impassioned writing, and he learns rebelliously that "a newspaperman in China, or at home, must interpret what he sees according to the lights of the paper he works for."

"Shanghai Deadline" is not a novel for the emancipation of the masses, but there is sincerity in the author's sympathy for the helpless lower classes. There is sincerity, too, in his unconventional love story. His novel is a good male reporter's very human piece of fiction.

G. N.

CANDLE INDOORS. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann. 1936. $2.50.

Miss Hull is a facile writer. She has moments of real acumen. Her plot sense is good. She knows all the little tricks of moving people easily out of rooms. But we are afraid that she is one of those women who sit upstairs in the Astor bar after the theatre and order sweet-tasting cocktails.

She is on the fringes of modern life. She knows the words, but she cannot catch the tune or tempo. Her people are prigs, even when they are dissolute prigs. They drink uneasily; the word "bootlegger" jars in the middle of one of her pages. She shudders as her woman gynecologist tells "what men do to women" and she recoils painfully from the word "passion." And that is what makes "Candle Indoors" too refined and lifeless for our robust tastes.

The story begins with the death of Candace Carleton, leaving behind her three children that she bore to take the place of a husband who disappointed and failed her. The dead Candace, who is more important than any of the living people in this story, does not stand before us in her flesh and bones. She is too lavender-scented for the era in which she is placed, post-war and pre-repeal. Her husband, Arnold, is something else again. He is variously described as charming, handsome, an excellent business man, and "an old model male" who ought to be scrapped. He believes in the double standard for men and women and has the lack of taste to sit on the edge of the bed and mention it to his current lady friend.

(*Continued on page* 22)

No. 3 in a series of excerpts from a novel that savors richly of Elizabethan delights.

"Almost slyly Shakespeare glanced at Drake, noted the firm, well-rounded face, the blunt, aggressive nose, cocked at a sharp angle. That curly hair, growing smoothly from the forehead, would not be amiss on a black man, if only it were dark instead of brown, bleached almost to straw colour. He turned back to the fire again. What fun life was! What interest it offered to the watching eye."

NORAH LOFTS *takes the liberty to imagine a meeting at the Mermaid Tavern in February 1585. You will find this description in her beautifully written historical romance . . .*

HERE WAS A MAN

Now at all bookstores —$2.50— ALFRED A. KNOPF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET A NATION-WIDE CONSUMER ORGANIZATION ADVISE YOU

ELECTRIC SHAVERS . . .

Do electric razors shave you in less time than ordinary razors? Do they give a closer, smoother shave? For the answers read the report on electric razors in the current (October) issue of *Consumers Union Reports*, monthly publication of Consumers Union of United States. Of three nationally-advertised makes, one is rated as a "Best Buy", the others as "Not Acceptable".

MEN'S SHIRTS . . .

Will unadvertised shirts selling under $1 wear as well as widely-advertised $2 brands? How do they compare on such points as shrinkage and color-fastness? These and similar questions are answered in a report on men's shirts based on wear, laundry and other tests. *In terms of brand names,* ten brands of shirts are rated as "Best Buys", "Also Acceptable", and "Not Acceptable".

HOW TO BUY AND USE FUEL . . .

"*Stick to stove coal and avoid trouble. . . .* Buy No. 2 oil, No. 4 is too heavy," say many fuel dealers. What do heating engineers say? *How To Buy Fuel* (in this issue) will tell you how to buy coal, coke, or fuel oil—will show you how, by careful selection and skillful firing, you may be able to cut your fuel bill 20% to 25%.

GINS, BRANDIES, CORDIALS . . .

This report (the second of three reports on *liquor*) rates 35 brands of brandies, rums and cordials—evaluates 8 brands of gins.

TOOTHPASTES AND POWDERS . . .

Based on chemical and physical analyses and on investigations by *unbiased* authorities, a report in this issue tells which dentifrices are safe; which are injurious; whether powders or pastes are better; what scientific bases there are for the claims made by manufacturers. 50 brands of dentifrices are rated. Also rated in this issue are many brands of other products.

☛ *Consumers Union Reports* is published monthly by Consumers Union of United States —non-profit, membership organization of consumers headed by Professor Colston E. Warne, of Amherst, and Arthur Kallet, co-author of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs.* These *Reports* (which include information enabling you to save money and to buy intelligently) PLUS A YEARLY BUYING GUIDE, to be published late in the year, are available at the low fee of $3 a year. The coupon below will bring you the current issue at once. If you wish your membership to begin with a previous issue, please note the month on the coupon. Leading reports in past issues were: *toilet soaps* (May), automobiles (June), refrigerators (July), oil burners, hosiery (August), shoes, tires and whiskies (September).

CONSUMERS UNION OF UNITED STATES, INC.

To: CONSUMERS UNION OF U. S., INC.
22 East 17th Street, New York.

I enclose three dollars for one year's membership in Consumers Union, $2.50 of which is for a year's subscription to **Consumers Union Reports.** (Subscriptions without membership are $3.50.) I agree to keep confidential all material sent to me which is so designated.

Signature .....

Address .....

City and State..... SL

(Note: Consumers Union also publishes an abridged $1 a year edition. For information please write.)

ANNOUNCING AN EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF

100,000 Parlophone, Odeon, Decca discs. These marvellous European recordings comprise the cream of world's finest music. A selection to gratify every taste. Sale prices: 50c & 75c per record. Values $1 & $2. Mail orders. Catalog.

GRAMOPHONE SHOP, Inc., 18 E. 48th St., N. Y.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

He is so genuinely bigoted and dull that we cannot listen when Miss Hull carols fervently about his charm and executive ability. No man with a mind like that can charm us.

After Candace's death, Arnold turns to fireside and children and dismisses his mistress. The responsibility of dealing with the children and guiding them sobers him and changes his attitude. He refuses to marry again or have a housekeeper; his life outside of his home dwindles. He lives more and more in his children, adjusting himself to changes in them, accommodating his life to theirs, clinging to them as they grow up and draw away from him. He alternately misses Candace and is jealous of her far-reaching power over the children.

But as he reaches fifty, he becomes nearly as perfect a father as she had been a mother. Which is not as dull a story as it sounds. Plenty of things happen, and in spite of yourself you become interested in what is happening to the little group.

I. T.

GOLDEN WEDDING. By Anne Parrish. Harpers. 1936. $2.50.

Five times now Anne Parrish has created for us a small land faintly misted with nostalgia, peopled by men and women and adolescents (surely the Methodist Faun is as memorable in his way as any of Booth Tarkington's bewildered young people) who warm us with delighted recognition. A land—and here has lain Miss Parrish's special grace—invariably lit with subtle, unsentimental laughter. Her gift for comedy has lifted her novels heads above the run of well told tales. Since "Perennial Bachelor" we have counted on her to prick small bubbles of affectation with an adroit embroidery needle. We have never thought she carried a rapier, and never asked her to. She had a special, delightful malice which was more than enough.

"Golden Wedding" is the legend of the Midas touch, that fatal contact of the king's which stiffened blowing flowers to valuable commodities. It is an American success story, beginning in the eighties, with gas lights and coachmen, and ending now, with Neon signs and limousines. The details of scene, of clothes and food and weather are sharp and enchanting. The people are perhaps so symbolic as to be a little vague in outline.

Probably the relatives and neighbors of King Midas started the school of thought which still insists that money is no fun, and kind hearts more than coronets. It is a belief which experience seems to render debatable to all except the most thorough going sentimentalists. However, Miss Parrish has embraced it as wholeheartedly as Margaret Ayer Barnes did last year in "Edna, His Wife." And just as readably. "Golden Wedding" is a perfectly good women's novel. But it isn't what Anne Parrish could, or should, or must have done. Not until page 287 is the gentle tale of parting, misunderstanding, sudden and harrowing death, sorrow, wealth increasing in proportion to what it takes away, interrupted by that quick, accurate chuckle to hear which we began the book. It's as disappointing as though one's wittiest, best dressed friend had suddenly turned to social work and Ground Grippers. And it leaves us in the same moral predicament.

F. W.

THE COURT OF FAIR MAIDENS. By Wilhelm Speyer. Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

In a whimsical introduction, Hendrik Van Loon records the pleasure with which he first read this book and compares it

(*Continued on page 24*)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
COYOTE GULCH *Peter Field* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Feud stuff with a score card showing ten stiffs, one purty gal, an up-and-up cowboy, and—you guess it, mates? Yep, the embrace—but with fervor.	Feud for the strong
JIMGRIM AND ALLAH'S PEACE *Talbot Mundy* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Adventure	Allah and the Arabs on the warpath and John Bull on the receiving end—but not for long. Jimgrim, British agent, to the rescue but always in the nick of time.	400 M.P.H.
HASHKNIFE OF THE DOUBLE BAR 8 *W. C. Tuttle* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Western	Frisco tenderfoot lams it to wild and wooly Arizona and right in the middle of plenty of trouble. Lad triumphs; justice reigns, and love marches on.	Boots and Saddle
GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT *Clements Ripley* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Novel	Camera: Fade in—Colonel Ferris's (of Mississippi, Suh!) California valley farm in 1870's. Fade out—the Colonel's daughter in arms of damnyankee mining engineer. But packed with color and action between!	Sunkist or possibly: MGMkist

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Rostand and Sterne

ROSTAND: CYCRANO DE BERGERAC. Introduction by Brian Hooker and illustrations by Silvain Sauvage.

STERNE: A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. Introduction by Wilbur L. Cross and illustrations by Denis Tegetmeier.

These two summer issues of the Limited Editions Club fall into the same pattern, and that one not unfamiliar to the Club: large, rather thin quartos, well-printed, respectable volumes, good type, stout binding, not really *volumes de luxe*, nor yet run-of-the-market.

"Cyrano" and the "Journey" are classics, and not difficult to come by. But these two new editions possess certain individual distinctions, not at once apparent, which make them interesting. "Cyrano" has a delicate and whimsical title-page; and the illustrations have been printed in colors by the gelatine process, which is unusual, if not unique in this country. The result, whether one like Sauvage's work or not, is a beautiful example of color printing at its best. The "Journey" also has some expensive illustrations—copper engravings—but to me its chief interest is that it is hand printed from a new type face made for this book by Mr. Eric Gill, and a very good face of type indeed. The large sizes of Perpetua italic used with it seem coarse, however.

While these books set no new standard for the Limited Editions Club—perhaps, after seven years of varied output one is not possible—they yet maintain the good values of previous volumes.

Translations of the Greek and Latin Classics from 1570 to 1936 in first and other editions, followed by **First Editions of English Authors.** Catalogue 40, from

EDGAR H. WELLS & CO., INC.
602 Madison Ave., New York City

Poetry on a Wide Canvas

PRELUDE TO MAN. By Chard Powers Smith. Mt Vernon: Peter Pauper Press. 1936.

Mr. Smith's ambitious poem has been printed in an equally ambitious format by the Walpole Printing Office. A folio page, with the type set in two columns makes a dignified and impressive book, and rubricated arabic figures over each column relieves what might otherwise be too severe an arrangement. But the whole book, which is carefully planned and executed, is given a good deal of distinction and style by the large typographic chapter headings by Valenti Angelo. Three hundred and seventy-five copies have been printed. The binding in gray cloth, with title stamped in red, is restrained and agreeable. For so large a book it is exceptionally good.

THE POETRY FOLIOS. By Wilder and Helen Bentley at the Archetype Press, Berkeley, California.

This is an elaborate attempt to set forth certain great short poems in a large and impressive format. There will be twenty-four numbers in the next two years, half of English and half of American poems. Each will appear as a great folio, four leaves to a number, printed in a variety of type and in colors. The three editions will be sold to subscribers at sixty, one hundred and twenty, and two hundred and forty dollars per volume. The first issue, of which a specimen is at hand, is of Chaucer's "Merciles Beaute."

The distinguishing feature of these folios will be the printing. Each will be an excursion in typography, printed on the hand press by Mr. Bentley, our foremost practitioner of that art after Mr. Garnett, whose pupil he was. If there is some self-consciousness on the part of the printer

(*Continued on next page*)

Remarkable first novels sometimes appear in unexpected places!

TARE HARVEST tells a story of pioneer life in the Andes. It was written by an English girl born in Buenos Aires. The manuscript came from Australia. And today, in both England and America, the critics hail it as an important "discovery" and its author, Eleanor Peters, as a writer of extraordinary gifts with a great career before her.

"She has genius"

"Miss Peters has the gift of insight. I am rarely tempted to the use of superlatives but she deserves them. She has genius."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Vivid panorama"

"She brings to life a panorama of the hardships, banditry, home life and ranching problems in South America as vivid as the North American scene in *Lamb in His Bosom.*"—*New York Times Book Review.*

"Exciting flavor"

"Her sense of aliveness together with her young passionate awareness of every beauty of the countryside give Miss Peters' book its exciting flavor."—*Saturday Review.*

"Extraordinary"

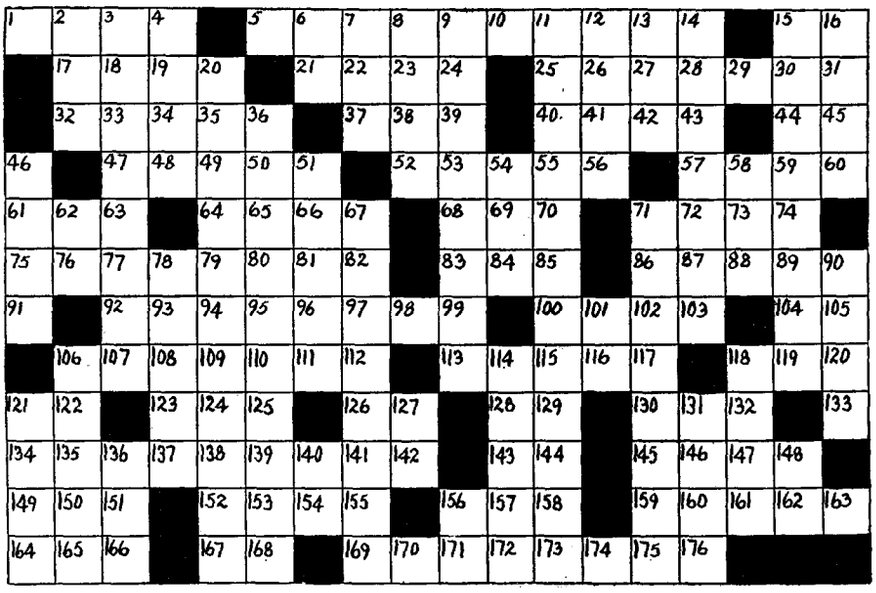
"Most striking of all is her success in making the Andes valley itself a participant in the action, so that one seems to breathe its high sunny air and understand the life it imposes on those within its green walls. An extraordinary performance."—*N. Y Herald Tribune "Books"*

$2.50 • REYNAL & HITCHCOCK • N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 135

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Character in "Midsummer Night's Dream"

II. Novel by Charles Kingsley.

III. Fixed, hardened.

IV. To bewilder.

V. Emaciated slowly.

VI. Serpentine.

VII. Valiant.

VIII. Novel by Samuel Butler.

IX. Fresh-water crustacean.

X. Novel by Scott.

XI. Appraises carefully.

XII. Play by Ibsen.

XIII. The English Juvenal (1653-1683).

XIV. Italian-French composer (1633-1687).

XV. Short, simple song.

XVI. Marshes.

XVII. Choice.

XVIII. The skin on bacon.

XIX. Making trial.

XX. Symphony by Schubert.

XXI. Southwestern United States Indian tribe.

XXII. To authenticate officially.

XXIII. Decisive trial.

XXIV. Not mentally conceivable.

XXV. High.

WORDS

156 18 45 118 51 163 27

157 70 127 60 130 15 88

6 166 117 22 16 137 90 109

30 176 100 17 114 168 125

154 66 172 110 73 86 26 63 75

159 79 134 42 96 108 48

151 29 102 116 33 68 82

158 97 132 113 84 167 150

32 152 37 106 144 49 52 69

36 148 38 72 56 25 143 58 83 44

169 147 161 103 9 35 23

135 104 24 111 54 46 74 131 129 122 40

19 136 39 53 149 139

55 126 124 121 85

155 107 8 47 4

5 43 93 1

146 133 2 92 101 10

7 76 91 99

175 87 141 12 3 164 64 77 59

20 65 123 78 115 174 94 62 140 28

173 41 89 138 145 67

11 81 160 98 112 142

170 34 14 61

13 50 128 119 80 105 21 120 57 71 165

31 162 171 153 95

The Compleat Collector

(*Continued from preceding page*)

it can be laid to the fact that hand printing is directly counter to the prevailing custom. But the old crafts must be kept alive and it is good to see someone doing it as successfully as Mr. Bentley. On the evidence of the first issue, he has kept reasonably free from the temptation to substitute mechanical excellence for inventiveness and vigor; the standard of the machine product is sometimes aimed at in hand printing, whereas the excellencies of hand printing and machine printing are two separate things.

THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE DELUGE. By Margaret Fuller. Windham, Conn.: Hawthorn House. 1936. $2.50.

NOAH, his Ark, and the Flood have always been the great dramatic episode of the Scriptures, and a source of unbounded joy for the humorously inclined. The wood cuts in the earliest printed books are quite as funny as anything could be, and I suspect that their creators knew they were funny. Miss Fuller has carried on the tradition in the delightful rhymed account she gives of the Ark and the Flood. She quotes Genesis freely as authority, but her verse does not read like Genesis at all; it reads a bit more like the Funnies, which, in the best sense, they are. It is a grand little book, with colored drawings by the author, charmingly printed.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 22)

to a Mozart minuet. The original German may justify such enthusiasm. In its English dress this is a pleasant, unimportant tale of flirtation and court intrigue in a minor German duchy in the fateful year of Austerlitz. Napoleon's guns rumble below the horizon but two foxes and a tame deer are the only casualties in these pages and a ten-year-old sister of two court beauties is the most bloodthirsty character. In the end the several fair maidens have been suitably provided with husbands or lovers, and the reader has been mildly entertained as he would be in turning over the tinted engravings of the period. A sympathetic ear may still catch an echo of Mozart in the accompaniment to these conventional figures, a hint of wistful gaiety and faded elegance, but translation has impaired the brittle music; it is Mozart rendered by a cracked and wheezing phonograph.

G. M.

Miscellaneous

FROM FOREST TO FURNITURE: The Romance of Wood. By Malcolm H. Sherwood. Norton. 1936. $3.

OUR FRIENDS THE TREES. By P. G. Cross. Dutton. 1936. $5.

These two books will be of interest to any one who likes forests, gardens, or furniture. Mr. Sherwood's book seems to the reviewer a particularly informative volume. The first part is really a brief encyclopedia of the hard woods, both native and foreign, used for furni-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture. But each of his brief chapters goes much further than this. He begins with the tree, its habitat, its nature, the country from which it comes, and the way in which it is obtained; passes on to the problem of the maker of veneer and the carver, and concludes with a discussion of the furniture which results. All this is done in a simple and untechnical fashion but the book nevertheless clearly represents a wide background of knowledge and labor, and real affection for his subject. The second part is a more general account of trees and the way in which the best woods are prepared for use. One regrets that he omitted the soft woods, for such a sterling substance as first-growth white pine, in panel use particularly, deserves attention. This seems a particularly good book for libraries.

Dr. Cross's book deals specifically with trees and more particularly with the problems of those who wish to plant and transplant trees. It is a book for gardeners and the makers of lawns and parks, hedges and road shadings. The style is informal, rather too much so, in fact it is a rather chatty book and not particularly well organized, but the facts are there and a great deal of agreeable comment. Both books are excellently illustrated and both contain useful tables.

We note that Mr. Sherwood, who seems accurate in most of his statements, puts the maximum height of the Australian eucalyptus at five hundred feet whereas Dr. Cross says the tallest known is three hundred and forty-six, a considerable difference. Also, from personal experience of ring counting, we are skeptical of Mr. Sherwood's estimate of from five to ten thousand years as a possible age for some of the sequoias. Tree heights and tree ages have always been in controversy.

H. S. C.

Brief Mention

"A Sojourn with Royalty" by Alonzo Delano (San Francisco: George Fields) is a collector's reprint of sketches by an early California humorist. They have a certain antiquarian interest but are neither very funny nor very important historically. . . . Beatrice Kincaid's translation of M. Ilin's "Turning Night Into Day" (Lippincott, $1) makes available a brief and fascinating history of illumination by the author of "New Russia's Primer." . . . Putnam's have published Lee Strout White's "Farewell to Model T" ($.75) which appeared in the *New Yorker* . . . "Empire" compiled by Emily Woodward (Ruralist Press, Atlanta: $3) is a collection of photographs of the state of Georgia. It is well-arranged and well-reproduced. * * * *Adventures with Hardy Bulbs*, by Louise Beebe Wilder (Harper, $5), is a systematic classification and description, scholarly in its arrangement and its details, but written for the intelligent gardener, not the specialist merely, and admirably illustrated. It looks like a foundation book for the gardener's library. * * * The many who have read or seen *Mutiny on the Bounty* will be interested in Bligh's original narrative, *Bligh and the Bounty*, by Laurence Irving (Dutton, $3.50).

4th large printing!

Roger Burlingame's

THREE BAGS FULL

One of the season's finest American novels, an absorbing tale of "vigorous, vital men and women . . . the canvas is broad . . . the pictures brilliantly smeared with hues that symbolize human aspirations and passions at their best and worst." —*Boston Transcript.*

637 pages, $3.00

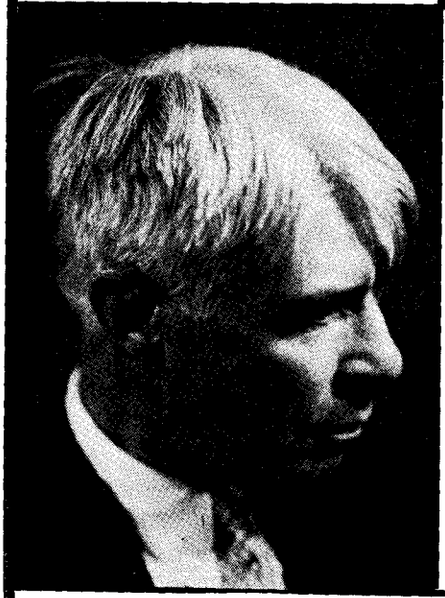
"She is a born artist, at once a poet and a narrator of high rank."— N. Y. Herald Tribune

KAY BOYLE'S

DEATH OF A MAN

The new novel by this gifted American writer, with its Austrian background and its tragic characters, reminds some people of "The Magic Mountain." "Miss Boyle writes a better prose than most of us find nowadays . . . it is a prose that comes to be read for its own sake, and we derive our pleasure from its superb diction."—*N. Y. Times*

$2.50



Leading Best Seller

John Dos Passos's

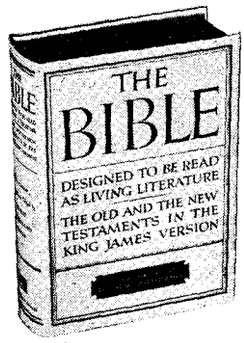
THE BIG MONEY

"It makes beautifully swift reading," says John Chamberlain in *Scribner's*. "It recaptures the aura of the Twenties as no other book, not even Frederick Lewis Allen's ONLY YESTERDAY, manages to do . . ." *4th printing*, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers • 386 Fourth Avenue • *New York*



Last week *The Inner Sanctum* published *The Bible:* DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LIVING LITERATURE, edited by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

This is the realization of a life-long dream and the culmination of a deeply-cherished *Inner Sanctum* plan for an edition of The Bible dedicated to literary appreciation rather than to theological, doctrinal, or reference purposes.

In this edition, The Old and the New Testaments, constituting "the best of a great people's literature during nearly ten centuries," is presented with scrupulous fidelity, in the time-honored King James Version. . . .

But it is the King James Version in a new form. After several years of exacting research by the editor and patient experimentation by the publishers, a totally new editorial arrangement and typographical form have been devised "to clothe The Bible in a dress through which its beauty might best shine."

The arrangement of the book is by time and subject matter. Prose is printed as prose, verse as verse, drama as drama, letters as letters, the spelling and punctuation are modernized, genealogies and repetitions are omitted, as well as the whole of the Chronicles, the minor Epistles, and similar unimportant passages throughout.

This, then, is a purely *literary* edition of The Bible; one in which the sole aim has been to present the glory of the King James Version in as luminous, as compact, and as fitting a form as possible. Confusing footnotes, marginal commentary, overlapping or irrelevant repetitions, tabulations, and explanatory notes are either eliminated entirely or reduced to a minimum. The antique spelling and cumbersome punctuation and paragraphing of the traditional text have been modernized to heighten the reader's full understanding. All the divisions and subdivisions have been clearly and helpfully captioned, to give each book and each section its correct setting and identification; and, above all, the text itself has been arranged to provide, so far as possible, a consecutive narrative and an integrated whole.

All this has been done without altering the deathless words of the Scriptures themselves.

ESSANDESS.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The famous library of typography and graphic arts collected through many years by the American Type Founders Company has been moved to Columbia University. Columbia hopes eventually to be able to buy the collection outright. ☞Carl Rollins, the S. R. L.'s consulting typothete, showed Old Q the best newspaper head seen in a long while. It was in the New Haven *Register*, Oct. 5:—

DR. HRDLICKA RETURNS HOME WITH BIG HEAD

☞Of course you must mispronounce the eminent anthropologist's name *Hardlicker*. ☞The item refers to an ancient Aleutian skull Dr. Hrdlicka discovered belonged to some unknown Alaskan primitive. He had the biggest brain content known on the Western hemisphere, 2005 cc. ☞To continue in the Arthur Brisbane manner, biggest brain known anywhere was Turgeniev, 2030 cc. ☞Biggest U. S. A. brain, Daniel Webster, 2000. ☞Average male brain, 1450 cc. ☞Average female, 1300 cc. ☞Old Q is going to spend the rest of the day wondering what thoughts the ancient Aleut had in that capacious cabeza.

☞After so many praises of *Trent's Last Case*, the famous detective story by E. C. Bentley, its long-awaited sequel *Trent's Own Case* (Knopf) seems a trifle dim. But it's a Must for wine devotees: Mr. Bentley's collaborator is H. Warner Allen, the distinguished oinologist, and finer vintages are drunk in this tale than ever before in a mystery story. The simple Beaune that made Dr. Watson drowsy is nowhere compared to Trent's Memsault 1906 and Romanée 1904. What a book for Julian Street and Frank Schoonmaker and Peter Greig. ☞Has any secondhander a copy of Conan Doyle's *Through the Magic Door*, a delightful old book-about-books too much forgotten? ☞Howard S. Mott, olim Tenafly, N. J., has moved his First Edition business to 70 West 40, N. Y. C. ☞The Colby College Library, Waterville, Maine, has published a check-list of its Thomas Hardy collection. It was compiled by Prof. Carl J. Weber and runs to 152 pages. A useful reference for Hardy students; only 200 copies available, $1.50.

☞Old Tom Dreier, virtuoso among House Organists (meaning the bright and broody fellows who edit papers for big business firms) does a good job on *Shining Lines*, the monthly homily from the Mergenthaler Linotype outfit. ☞Q is a pushover for trade papers of all sorts (by the way, trade journalists should never forget one of their classics, *The Fish Reporter* by Robert Cortes Holliday in that fine book *Walking-Stick Papers*). ☞We always watch Tom Dreier's stuff because he was born on May 5; nativities of that date usually have a leaning to printers' ink. It's the sign of Taurus, the Bull. ☞The trade papers get in a lot more whacks for literature than you might think. Here's this one issue of the linotype house-organ quoting from Santayana, Lord Killowen, J. L. Lowes, Stephen Leacock, and Sr. Madariaga. ☞We like Tom Dreier's story of the printer who couldn't seem to get the idea that Depreciation was a real item until he put three imaginary workmen on the payroll and drew $50 cash per week for each man and deposited it in a savings account for new plant. ☞The names he gave these three wraiths were Joe, John, and James De Preci.

☞A remarkable book for the appearance of which Q. is waiting is the first complete publication (Viking Press) of Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. Professor Emory Pottle, editor of the Boswell, says it was "one of the most indiscreet books ever given to the world," and only the frugality of the original printer (who made large deletions) saved old Bozzy from a "lifetime of litigation."

☞The most interesting catalogue to reach this desk lately is *First Books* from the Collectors' Bookshop, 37 West 47. In this we learn: Carl Sandburg's first book was *In Reckless Ecstasy* (1904) "by Charles A. Sandburg," privately printed by a friend of Carl's when the author was a travelling salesman of Underwood and Underwood's good old stereoscopes. ☞The cataloguer thinks that Genevieve Taggard's first, *Four Eager Lovers* (1922), has been "unjustifiably neglected" by collectors. ☞Ring Lardner's first book, *Bib Ballads* (1915), was illustrated by Fontaine Fox.

Los Angeles Book Fair

☞New York isn't the only town having a big Book Show next month. November 16-21 are the dates of the Los Angeles Book Fair sponsored by the L. A. Public Library and the Southern California booksellers. ☞We were delighted to hear from Leslie Hood (Treasurer) and June Cleveland (Director) of the lively progress of their plans. ☞The Fair will be held at the L. A. Public Library, which has long been famous for its enterprise and vivacity. The books on display will be classified in the following interesting divisions:—Books to Grow On; Aids to Gracious Living; Understanding Yourself and Your Neighbor; March of New Events; People Worth Knowing; The World at Your Finger Tips; Concepts of Man and the Universe; Books to Live With; The World's a Stage; Mirrors of Life; Aids to Continuous Learning; Design for Living (viz., philosophy, religion, inspiration).

☞As a souvenir of the Fair, Miss Cleveland is reprinting the introduction from Helen Haines's *Living With Books*, which she thinks "one of the finest sales talks on what reading offers its devotees." ☞The colleges, newspapers, radio stations, the authors themselves and all the bookmen of Southern California are joining with enthusiasm for this fine event and everyone looks forward to a delightful success. ☞Certainly all good wishes go to them from the East, busy with plans for its own bazaar at the same time.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

IF GRAMMAR bores you try "Commonsense Grammar" (Aiken), $2.00. Besides being painless it is amusing. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

"DON'T SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

LIMITED EDITIONS. FINE PRINTING. Prairie Press, Muscatine, Iowa.

SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER; expert; available whole or part time. Box 617-B.

ATTRACTIVE young college graduate offers versatility, intelligence, exceptional knowledge literature. Can you employ her? Box 618-B.

JOURNALISTICALLY disgusted, 24, wants job immediately; College graduate with literary bugaboo, excellent references—fed up on hopes and procrastinating employers. Box 619-B.

WISH some one over forty, active, congenial and mentally alert, would write to this lady who owns up to personality, temperament and European background. Box 620-B.

WOMAN, mature, cultivated, traveled, intelligent, good driver, unusual cook, experienced executive, chaperone, house manager, interested companion—housekeeper position. Box 621-B.

I OFFER: the services of one thoroughly masculine individual of good character. Twenty-six. Unattached. Unrestricted. Able-bodied. Not unintelligent. Adaptable. Persistent. What am I bid? Brent.

J. A. Am still interested. Please call at 1125 Park Avenue, doorman has letter for you. Important.

INTIMATE CLASS in photography and its technique starting November 6th. Interview and registration October 26th, 8 to 10 p. m. 52 Clark Street, Brooklyn (Apt. 5 L.) H. A. Bergman.

MARIONETTE ENTHUSIASTS: "Puppets in America 1739 to Today" now ready, lavishly illustrated, $2. Send 3c stamp for Puppetry Bulletin. Puppetry Imprints, Birmingham, Michigan.

WOMAN 38, discouraged with today, seriously considering no tomorrows. Will understanding man or woman please correspond with me? Interests: Books, Outdoors, Music, "fireside talks" (altho I'm a Republican) anything and everything that is real. Dislike affectation in any form. Have sense of humor or I'd be "gone with the wind" long ago. Really in dire need of a pat on the back right now. Box 623-B.

PREFERABLY COUNTRY or travelling position requiring ability, judgment, by artistic, executive woman of taste, culture, varied experience. Companion secretary or homemaker for motherless family. Have taught, painted, managed hotel, estate. Salary important, but subordinate to associations. Box 624-B.

LIBRARIAN, excellent training, experience, recommendations, desires position head cataloger. Southerner. Box 628-B.

CONNOISSEURS, GOURMETS, people who know coffee . . . famous blend, rich, winey taste, unforgettable aroma. Not available in stores. Send one dollar for 3 pounds, postpaid within 300 miles (Beyond add 7c for each 300 miles up to 1800. Over 1800, add 35c). Richard H. Toeplitz, 67 Broad Street, New York.

WOMAN socially adaptable, guaranteed sense of humor, would enjoy hearing from California gentleman (35-45) of taste and sincerity; also from American residents of Orient who would enjoy writing to prospective tourist. Box 622-B.

PERSONALS

ITALIAN VIOLINIST Paris Conservatory. Lessons for beginners. Box 586-B.

WANTED: A young woman of superior capabilities and personality desires position as companion in travel. Best references. Reply Box 33, Ascutney, Vermont.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, Sets, Volumes. Odd Numbers. The E. T. Sutherlin Company, Danville, Va.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

NEW CATALOGUE, First Editions, fine press books, rare bibles, free on request. Fine typographic library 600 volumes recently purchased. Inspection and correspondence invited. Philip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS for the impecunious book collector. Write for price list. F. M. Kjelstrup, 128 Madison Avenue, New York.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock, all rare, unusual editions. LOWEST PRICES. Mail CATALOGUE 20c (Stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles, and verse, criticized and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New authors invited. Write or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 W. 42nd St., New York.

EXPERT REVISION often secures acceptance. This I can give. Booth Tarkington, William Allen White, Charles Caldwell Dobie endorse my work, as did Jack London. Editor "Representative Modern Short Stories" (Macmillan); formerly with Doubleday. Established in 1912, now many writers have made a beaten path to my door. ALEXANDER JESSUP, 50 Morningside Drive, New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED; 5,000 words $1. Editing. Elizabeth Urmancy, 1133 Broadway (26th). WAtkins 9-9539.

AGENCY SERVICE: Personal; no reading fee. Critical Service by reputable writers. Selected Authors, 53 East 11th. STuyvesant 9-3679.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"BOOKS BOUGHT AND SOLD!" Saintsbury Notes on a Cellar Book, $1.00. A Book for all Liqueur Lovers. Interesting and Authoritative. Want Lists Solicited. Stock of 250,000. Geffen's Book Store, 79 4th Ave., N. Y. C. STuyvesant 9-4532.

RARE BOOKS

G. A. BAKER & CO. Old and Rare Books. Established 1905. Have moved to 3 West 46th Street, New York. Catalogues free on request.

The CONQUEST of RUSSIA!

(What Again?)

The November issue of The Living Age will feature, among its many fascinating stories, articles and editorials, a chapter from a forthcoming book (scheduled for publication in December)

by ERNST HENRI
(*author of Hitler Over Europe*).

The book is titled

HITLER
OVER RUSSIA

and deals with alleged plans of "Der Fuehrer" for the conquest of that country.

Fascinating!
Dramatic!
Vivid!

Drawing its material from newspapers and magazines the world over, and selecting only the finest contemporary writing of each nation, The Living Age has, for more than ninety years, brought to its readers a complete, accurate and unbiased picture of political, social and literary life in every country in the world.

Because we want you to know this great magazine, we are making a special introductory offer to you.

6 Months for Only $2!

Cut out and mail this coupon now!

The Living Age
63 Park Row
New York City

Send me the next six issues of The Living Age. I enclose two dollars ☐

Bill me for two dollars ☐

Name .....

Address .....

City and State.....

SN17

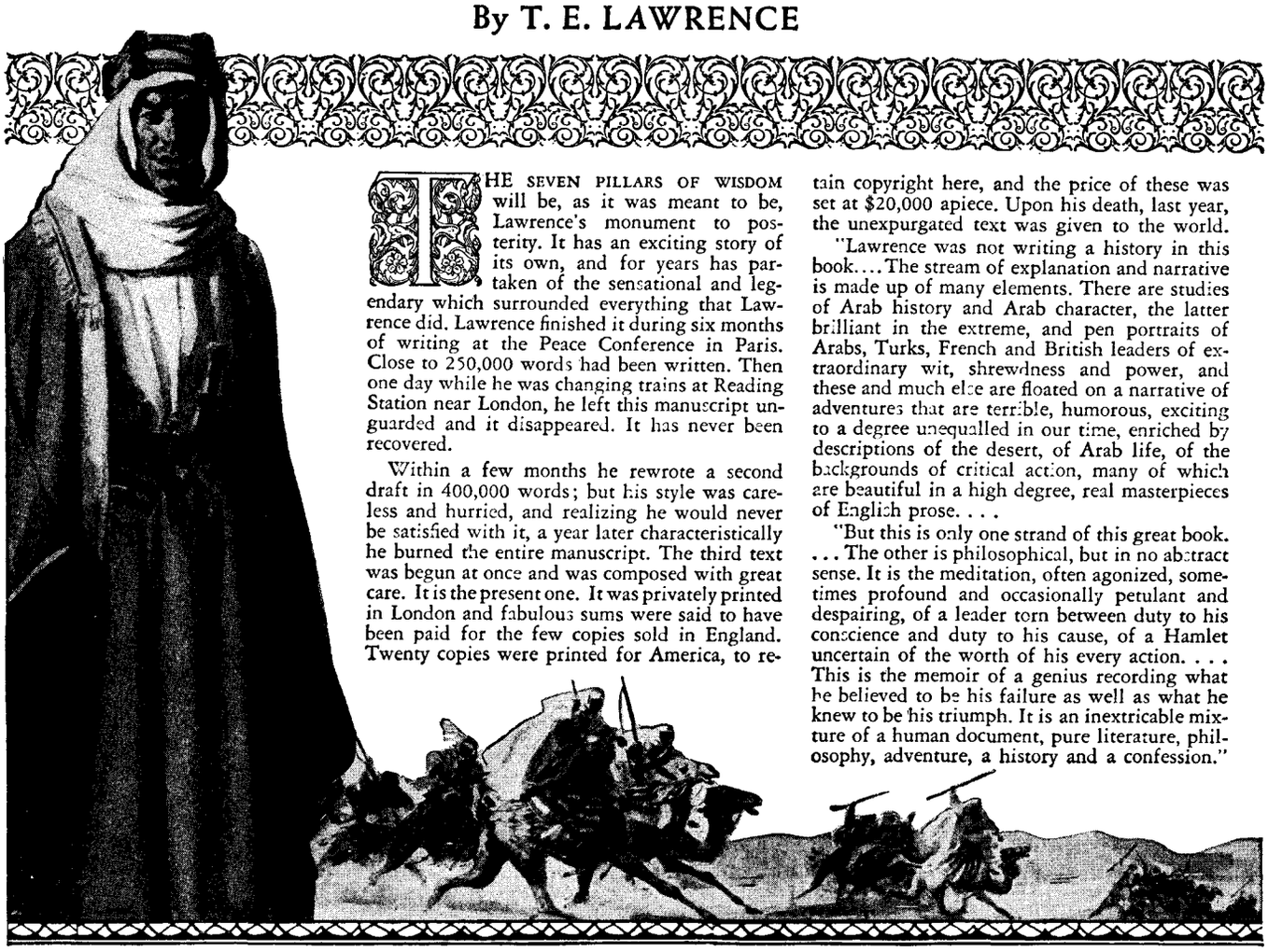
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE . . . for your library

—a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies that were priced at $20,000 each. Unexpurgated and identical with the original text is this special edition of the famous

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE



THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Lawrence was not writing a history in this book. . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."

WHY WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU A FREE COPY OF THIS BOOK

THERE is no reader of The Saturday Review of Literature who would not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club; and we make this extraordinary offer in order to demonstrate that this is the case.

What we here propose is this: mail the inquiry coupon, *and a copy of this fine library volume will immediately be put aside in your name,* and held until we hear whether or not you care to join.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 2510
386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join the club, I will receive a free copy of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom.*

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

If eighteen years or under check here, and address envelope Dept. B. ☐

In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates, and what it is doing for its subscribers.

Study this booklet at your leisure; you may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year; nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four); nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. You also participate in the Club's "book-dividends," of which over $1,250,000 worth were distributed among members last year alone.

If, after reading the booklet, you decide to join the Club, the free copy of SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM being reserved for you will at once be shipped to you.

Here is a very interesting fact; over 125,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman;* every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED